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New Years Eve

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A TOUR IN
CANADA

AND THE

United States of America.

FROM THE DIARY OF

T. M. SHUTTLEWORTH, ESQ.

PRESTON :

PRINTED BY H. OAKEY, CAXTON HOUSE, 36, FISHERGATE.
1884.



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INTRODUCTION.

I had no intention of publishing my Diary when I commenced keeping it, but it has occurred to me that perhaps it would interest some of my friends to know what I had seen across the Atlantic, and further, that if sold for the benefit of the Preston Infirmary, it might raise a small sum for that Institution. I trust that this may be the result.

T. M. S.



S. S. SARMATIAN,
FRIDAY MORNING,
AUGUST 29TH, 1884,
9-50 A.M.

HAVING made up my mind to keep a Diary on the occasion of my first Atlantic voyage, I begin the somewhat irksome task. I am writing in the saloon, on as gloriously fine a morning as man could wish for, and I have just had, and enjoyed, an enormous breakfast. But, to begin from the beginning. My wife and I left Preston yesterday morning at 11-15. On arriving in Liverpool, I deposited her in the office of Mr. Bradley, whilst he and I went to the landing stage to leave the luggage. There is, happily, no kind of difficulty in this, as the servants of the Allan Company are waiting to receive it. In a few minutes I had consigned my traps to a man known as "No. 2," and off we went to fetch my wife and get lunch. This accomplished, we walked to the landing stage to await the tender. We had several kind friends there who had been good enough to come and witness our departure, viz.:—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker and their two daughters, Evelyn and Louie; Mr. John Sidgreaves; Mr. Cummins; Mr. Taylor and Mr. Entwistle, from Southport; and Mr. Fred Jones, who had come with Arthur from

Preston. We went on board the tender a few minutes before three, and soon came alongside the Sarmatian, and all our party went on board. We explored our *State Cabin*!! It was about 10 or 11 feet square I should guess, and rather small diggings for two people. Our luggage we knew was safe, and we gave ourselves no trouble about it. All the things we required for the voyage had been marked "Cabin, 1 & 2," and the remainder, "Hold." Little time was lost after the passengers had left the tender. The signal was given for visitors to clear off, hasty good-byes were exchanged, and a good deal of kissing here and there, with which I had nothing to do (though I had volunteered my services in a certain quarter). Away steamed the tender, amid waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and hearty wishes for a pleasant trip. Almost directly after we ourselves were steaming gently down the river, and the voyage had begun. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and every appearance of roughish weather for a start. It was 3-40 when we sailed. We reached the Crosby Lightship at 4-20, the Formby at 4-33, the sea being inclined to roughness. At 6-0 the bell rang for dinner. We had the best seats possible at the Captain's table, I sitting on his left hand, next but one to him. About a hundred mustered, I think. We had a good bill of fare, and I did ample justice to it. The atmosphere was unpleasantly close, and the port holes were all, oddly enough, closed. I got some of them opened, and the beneficial effect was at once apparent. I walked about on deck after dinner, though driven in by occasional showers. We approached the Isle of Man (on the Calf side) about 8-0, and it was then blowing rather fresh, but the Sarmatian went steadily and well. A quantity of herring boats, each well lighted, gave us the notion that we were near the Irish coast, but on enquiring and finding that they were fishing boats, we had to admit that our geography

was somewhat faulty, excusable perhaps, all things considered. I "turned in" at 10-20, and with some difficulty climbed into my berth. I could just lay in it, but no more. The noise of the screw, the whistling of the "Bo'swain," and the shouting of the crew disturbed me greatly, and I slept only at intervals. I got up, or rather "down," at 4-30, and it was daylight. On looking through the porthole I saw rocks, but I could not tell where they were. I went to bed again, and on awaking, was delighted to find the noise of the screw had ceased. I got up, looked out, and found we had anchored. I dressed at once—Oh! "how convenient and roomy I found everything!" I went on deck and found that we were in Lough Foyle, the little village of Moville being about a mile away. The scenery all round was very pretty, the cornfields, some cut, some un-cut, were shining in the sun. The day was magnificently fine, and the water perfectly calm. I could see the breakers dashing outside the Lough, and one of the sailors told me that the entrance was a dangerous one. We went in to breakfast at 9-0, and I had a splendid appetite. A steamer came alongside to take people ashore, but we were not ready, and preferred waiting for the small row boats which ply to and from the boat and the shore every half hour. Having written several post cards and finished my Diary so far, I can now go ashore to see what can be seen on this part of the coast, on the occasion of my putting my foot on Irish soil for the first time.

2-20 p.m. My wife and I, and Mr. Bradley, were the sole passengers ashore by the little sailing boat which lay alongside the ship, most of the others having already gone. The charge is one shilling each to shore, and the same sum returning. The moment we touched the little pier we were beset by a small crowd of Irish Jarvies, each having his "Car." They each claimed us, saying, "The lady touched my hand first," "This

gentleman spoke to me," "I first asked the gentleman," and so on, one abusing the other, and telling so many untruths, that finally, after sheltering from a very heavy shower, we made them toss up for it, and we mounted the car of the fortunate winner. He was a civil fellow, and he pointed out the various places as we went along. Green Castle, the old ruin which we went on purpose to see, is about 3 miles away on the coast, the drive being a pretty one. A very old Irish woman, who had been nearly worried to death by a dog some time before, showed us round, and told us that Oliver Cromwell had reduced the castle to ruins. The view from it was very extensive and fine, commanding the open sea, the Lough of Foyle, Londonderry in the distance (16 miles away), and the mountainous country all round. I could see moor-land, suggestive of an old cock grouse, and reminding me of Hareden and its enjoyments, but on enquiring I found that there was only a little game, probably owing to the fact that nobody looks after it. A heavy shower came on while we were driving back, but it brightened up again. We returned to the ship in time for lunch, a welcome bell having just announced the fact that it was ready. We were also ready, and enjoyed it very much. I am afraid of the weather, which is now changing for the worse, but the Captain told me he fancied the winds were only from the shore, let us hope it is so,—but to-night will probably try a good many of us up, and the muster at dinner may fall short of yesterday's hundred. I hope we shall keep our heads, stomachs, and places at the table,—time will show!! By the way, I was disappointed to find that I could not obtain any photograph of Moville, as I was told there were none. I found the time between lunch and the arrival of the tender very heavy on my hands, but at last it came, and at 5-30 we weighed anchor, and once more were off. We steamed slowly along

(with a pilot on board), through the dangerous entrance to the Lough; here our pilot took his departure, and we fairly commenced our voyage. The sea was already a trifle more lively than it had been, the wind was rising, and I fancied we should have a roughish time of it. Well—we had!!! Dinner bell sounded at 6-0, and I noticed vacant places at the table. The ship pitched a good deal, and as the saloon is astern, the movement was very unpleasant, one sudden lurch sent crockery and glass flying about in confusion. We retired as soon as we had finished our food, and I lay down on the sofa in my cabin. Once in an horizontal position, I found I could manage fairly well. My wife had gone upstairs into the ladies' cabin; she came down about 10-30 with the stewardess, feeling decidedly ill, and she got into bed as soon as possible. I followed very shortly, and felt all right at once. The vibrations of the screw, the noise of the engines, the whistling of the Bo'sn, the tramp of sailors, were a great nuisance; nevertheless, all things considered, I had a fairly good night. In the morning I got up at 8-0, and found the sea still rough, the heavy swell causing us to pitch a good deal. This was Saturday morning. We had a rough day, the saloon was really unbearable, and we had our dinner in our cabin. About 4-0 p.m. the Sardinian passed rather close by us in her way to Liverpool from Quebec, I failed to see her, I regret to say, as I was quietly laid down on a rug on the floor of the cabin, my wife occupying the sofa. We went to bed early, about 10-0, and it was a comfort really to get there. We had requested that our light might be left the whole night, which was of course a great boon, for we had no candle if either of us was taken ill. Happily, this did not occur, and we had each a fairly good night. I got up at 7-30, and looking through the porthole, saw to my great delight, that the sea was much calmer. I shaved myself easily, the first

time since Thursday, so that I had a rather dirty appearance, but I could not possibly have done it either on Friday or Saturday. It was a fine morning. I had a quarter of an hour on deck before breakfasting. Of course our time had altered considerably. I am writing at this moment with the Diary on my knee, in my cabin at 6-10 English time, but by the ship's clock it is barely 5-0, and each day will be half an hour later. Nevertheless, I shall leave my watch alone until we reach the Canadian shore, and then I will put it right. Well, I went into the saloon when the 8-30 bell rang. There was a good muster, but the pitching of the ship was most unpleasant, and interfered with my appetite. My wife had some breakfast in our cabin. I spread out my deck chair and sat down to read the Morning Service. This done, I sat on, enjoying the sun, and watching the rolling of the mountains of water as we went first over one and then down before rising on the other. It was very enjoyable, I had very little squeamish feeling left. At 11-30 I had a cup of fine beef tea and a biscuit, every drop of the former being worth a sovereign!! It did me a world of good. My wife also had one, and pronounced it grand. At 10-30 the ship's bell tolled for service in the saloon, but I did not fancy it, and remained on deck. A collection was made by the Captain on behalf of the widows and orphans of sailors, and of course he nailed us who had cut church, on the deck.

Lunch at 1-30. I went in, but the pitching of the ship again took the edge off my appetite, and I ate the wing and a leg of a chicken and a slice of tongue only. Iced water is my beverage, and there is nothing so good I find. Stimulants are a mistake. Champagne I tried on Friday, but I am certain I should have been much better without it. My afternoon has been spent on deck, walking occasionally, but chiefly sitting (at full length) on my luxurious deck chair, and I have enjoyed it

greatly. I was watching a solitary gull when suddenly I descried an immense shoal of porpoises. I gave out to everybody that I saw them and a rush was made at once. There were hundreds and hundreds of them, leaping right out of the sea, but going steadily on like a regiment of soldiers. How they did seem to be enjoying themselves, and how pretty they looked as the sun shone on their bodies. They were all round the ship, and on the starboard side must have extended for fully half a mile. We watched them till they all disappeared. At 4-0 I went below and persuaded my wife to come on deck. She had not been there for two days, and the change was an agreeable one. It soon came on a shower, and then the cold was too much, and she retired to the cabin, and I with her, where I have succeeded, under some difficulty certainly, in writing up my Diary to this spot.

MONDAY, SEPT. 1. Partridge shooting. I had a capital dinner (Bless me, how the ship pitches !) last night, which I really relished. The mock turtle soup was delicious, and I found I could stand the motion of the saloon without discomfort. My wife dined in her cabin. We went to our berths at 9-30, and I was glad to get in. I slept badly. The noises were incessant, the wind howled, the sea was very rough, and I was knocked about in my berth rather unpleasantly ; there was endless creaking of something, probably the timbers of the ship, a great rattling of coals too I heard, shouting and whistling, (all conducive to sound sleep), and, to crown all, the never ending screw vibrations, which give you the idea of the movement to and fro of the shuttles in a loom !! One has heard so much depicted, in such glowing language, of the delights of an ocean voyage, that I am anxious to record all the little enjoyments *we* have hitherto had. Well, thank Heaven, I am able

to keep fairly well, and I am not troubled with sea sickness. I rose at 7-30, descended from my upper perch by putting my warm foot upon the cold marble slab of the washing stand (another little luxury). I looked through the porthole, which I timidly ventured to open, and I found a big swell on, but a fine bright morning. I dressed and went on deck, and I then ascertained that we had had a rough stormy night. It was very cold indeed, and a stiff breeze was blowing. Very grand the ocean looked. I walked up and down for awhile, and at 8-30 the breakfast bell sounded. Down into the saloon I went. What a number of vacancies!! Where could all the people be? I made no sort of enquiries. Those who had eaten sucking pig the night before at dinner, deserved certainly a severe fate. A gentleman, who sits just opposite me, tried to persuade me to eat some, but I declined, and I said he would have some awful dreams after it, which, he told me this morning, he had. Nevertheless, I have never seen anybody, either on shore or at sea, who could eat such a breakfast, and indeed any meal, like he can. Here comes the sun, a welcome sight indeed, so I will away out of this little stifling "State Room," ("Cell" would be more appropriate), and enjoy the ocean ozone from my deck chair.

N.B.—No newspapers, letters, or annoying telegrams this morning!! Oh, for the quiet of Hareden, and the Fell side of old Totteridge, with your knees, calves, and thighs aching at every step, and the grouse crowing all round you; the delightful bottle of "cold bitter" which our friend Ellis had secreted in the cold mountain spring!! Oh, for the friendly butts on White moss, with the grouse coming as thick as hail and as fast as greased lightning! Oh, for that cup of tea when you reach home utterly done up, the delicious bath, the good dinner, the cool champagne, the cup of coffee in the garden

under the verandah, the game of "Nap" (I'm your man), Ah! how delightful it is to reflect on these past enjoyments, and to feel that my excellent friends Entwistle and his Uncle are waiting for my return, to invite me to Hareden again!! Joy of joys, when I once more find myself there, how I can talk of my ocean experiences, swagger about my grand sailor-ship, appetite and so on, and spin a yarn or two that will require some beating.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 2ND, 1884. English time, 11-20 a.m. Ship's time, 9-0!!

Twenty-six years ago to-day I was married!! Neither of us could by any stretch of imagination have ever dreamed that after the lapse of a quarter of a century, we should be crossing the Atlantic together, leaving 10 children in England!!! But to resume the thread of our story. Yesterday was rough all through, and cold also, with occasional bursts of the sun, which were very pleasant. My wife did not put in her appearance in the saloon, though much better. I spent the day in walking about reading on deck, and writing, with occasional confabs with passengers and the Captain, who told me some wonderful stories of fights he had seen between the whale and the thresher which sounded marvellous. He said it was quite possible that we might see one. If we do I shall consider the spectacle full and complete satisfaction for all the discomforts of the voyage. I can't hope, however, that any such luck is in store for us. I lunched and dined in the saloon, the motion of it at night being unpleasant. I had a long talk in Mr. Bradley's cabin with himself and Father Nicholl (a very pleasant Irish Priest, going to Canada for Mission purposes, and who has suffered much from sickness since he came on board), and I went to bed at 10-0. The noise during the night was dreadful. To sleep

continuously was impossible, and it was equally so to get a comfortable position in my berth. To-night I have decided to sleep on the sofa, where the vibrations of the screw will be much less apparent. The ship rolled a great deal, but I think sometimes that I prefer rolling to pitching.

According to the official log we had gone yesterday, 1,009 miles, made up as follows:—

| | Miles |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|
| Friday, August 29th (off Moville) ... | 190 |
| Saturday, „ 30th | 229 |
| Sunday, „ 31st | 284 |
| Monday, Sept. 1st | 306 — 1,009 |
| Tuesday, „ 2nd | 325 |
| Wednesday „ 3rd | 260 |
| Thursday, „ 4th | 294 |
| Friday, „ 5th | 316 |
| Saturday, „ 6th ... | Not posted up. |
| Sunday, „ 7th ... | Not posted up. |

I rose early (7-0) and by 7-45 I was on deck. The sea was calm, the wind had changed to south (favourable to us), but the morning was dull and cold. I paced the deck till the breakfast hour, 8-30. My wife appeared in the saloon quite well, and I have no doubt that she will now be there for every meal. I made a prodigious meal, and enjoyed it immensely. My wife also enjoyed her breakfast. I am afraid it will be too cold for sitting on deck. Captain Graham now thinks that we may reach Quebec on Saturday night. We are now under pretty full sail, and the ship looks very well. We have a great many little children on board. They must have had a wretched time of it lately. Nevertheless, they look well, and are merry and playful enough. *Our* baby next door is better. Poor little creature, it had been vaccinated just before coming on board,

and its little arm looks dreadful. As John Leech has it, speaking of the boy who had an enormous eel in his bed, "Ah ! puir laddie, he might weel be restless o' neets." It is curious that since we saw and passed the Sardinian not a vestige of a sail has appeared, and only a few gulls have we seen. We seem to have the ocean to ourselves. The depth is about two miles!! where we now are, so I am informed. We are, roughly speaking, something like 1,200 miles from Liverpool, perhaps a trifle more.

I seem to have got my sea legs well, for when it is blowing a gale I can walk the deck easily, and enjoy it too.

12-30. It has turned out a horrid day,—wet, squally, rough sea, thoroughly unpleasant—another of the delights of an ocean voyage!!! I and Mr. Bradley, with Father Nicholl and Father Sheehan, have been celebrating the 26th anniversary of my wedding day by discussing two bottles of "Pommery, 1874," in the saloon, but the uncomfortable motion of the ship drove us on deck.

1-15. I have just had, and relished, a cup of beef tea—simply delicious. I have had it every day, and if you want to be able to appreciate it thoroughly, why all I can say is, just come on board an ocean going steamer, and wait till you feel the want of it!! I can't say more. How miserable everybody looks to-day, the ladies shivering and starved, the gentlemen grumpy and stupid. Nothing like an ocean voyage!! Echo answers, "Nothing." I think at present, that I shall never willingly undertake another. One is reminded of the old lines in Ovid, "*Qui semel est læsus fallaci piscis ab hamo, &c.*"

2-40. I had been sitting alone on the sofa in my so called "State Room," reading Appleton's Guide, when I thought I would go up on deck, when, lo and behold, I found we had already entered into a fog!! I could see nothing at all astern,

and precious little ahead but mist and rain. Wet and slippery decks, the most decidedly delicious day we have yet had!! We have heard of pic-nics, excursions, pleasure parties, cricket matches, balls, fishing, shooting, punting, and the like, but for *the* enjoyment, the concentrated essence of all these delights, commend me to an ocean voyage!!!

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 9-0 Just breakfasted. Fine day, strong breeze, sea very rough. Yesterday afternoon passed very wearily. Walking the deck was a difficulty, and it was cold and very foggy. I dined lightly, and I left the saloon the moment I had finished, to lay quietly down in my cabin, from which I stirred very little until bedtime. The champagne I had drunk in the morning never was comfortable in my stomach, convincing me more strongly than ever that it is a mistake to drink stimulants. Eat plenty of solid food, and very little fluid. I made my bed up on the sofa, and I am very sorry I did not do so before, as I really can't complain much of the night's rest. And what a night!! The wind was a strong head one, the sea very high, and the rolling of our ship very greatly increased. In fact, it was the worst night we have had. There was a small muster to breakfast, and the saloon was most unpleasant, so I escaped as quickly as I could. My wife tried to sit down but she could not stand the smell of food, so she retired to her cabin.

We expect to sight land some time to-morrow, Belle Island, 750 miles from Quebec. I am glad to say the fog has all gone, the sun is shining, the wind abating, so I will endeavour to take my constitutional on deck. I find it very difficult to write on my knee, with the ship rolling so unpleasantly. Still, if I don't keep up with the Diary every day it will be of no use at all, so I must persevere steadily.

THURSDAY, 4TH, 9-30 a.m. I left off yesterday at my constitutional. Well, on the whole, we had a pleasant day; the sun shone, seats were brought out, rugs wrapped round people, and reading and talking were general. We have been going slowly, wind against us, and our average was only I think about $10\frac{1}{2}$ or 11 knots. Not a sail sighted!! Only a few gulls, not even a porpoise. Whales are expected to-day.

I had hardly any lunch, the beef tea came so late that I spoiled my appetite by drinking it, but I had waited a full half hour in the saloon for it, and when it did come I soon despatched it, and the pulling-up effect was immediate. I walked a good deal in the afternoon, but somehow the feeling of nausea was unpleasant at times. The sea was lumpy, and we rolled a good deal. That the Sarmatian is a fine sea boat is beyond a doubt. I ought certainly to say a word or two on behalf of the *ménu* and cooking. The former is an elaborate one, very varied, and the latter is thoroughly good throughout. I am told that on no other Line is the food so unexceptionably excellent and plentiful, or the cooking so meritorious. Our saloon company is, on the whole, uncommonly stupid. One has heard of the concerts, dancing, singing, games, &c., that go on during a sea voyage. All I can say is that we have had nothing of that kind, of course the weather has been much against us, but I think something might have been attempted. There is one young man who plays dance music, most arrant rubbish, but beyond that, we have nothing to relieve the monotony of the daily programme. We retired to roost before 10-0, I to my sofa, where I passed another fairly good night only that I dreamed a great deal.

About midnight we passed through two "Icebergs," one very large one about three miles long and three times the height of our ship's masts!! We all regret extremely, of course,

that we missed the sight. The moon was shining brightly upon them, and they looked beautiful. Colonel Wheatley had left orders that he should be called in case icebergs were sighted, so he had the satisfaction of witnessing what must have been indeed a sight worth beholding. We may possibly meet with more during the day.

Land will be sighted about noon to-day!—Belle Island. I believe it is uninhabited. There is a lighthouse upon it, but nothing more.

The real curse here is the incessant never varying noise of the screw when you are in bed. It is indescribably hideous and abominable. Surely scientific research could find some way of having a noiseless screw, just as in a cotton mill there are noiseless engines. I rose at 7-30, dressed, and went on deck. It was very cold, the wind having changed. The sea was almost calm, but I had found that out before getting up, as the ship was going so steadily.

My wife came into the saloon for breakfast. I ate enormously, though when I sat down I did not feel that I had a particularly good appetite.

The sun is just making his first appearance. By the way, the sunset yesterday was magnificent. I am still hoping for, and watching for, the whale and the thresher!! We are likely to find whales to-day, but the *fight* is what I want to see. Now I am going on deck for the morning. We may say that our sea voyage will practically end to-day. Thank goodness for that. It has not been—so one of the officers told me this morning—what we ought to have expected for a summer crossing,—dirty rough weather to start with, upsetting so many, but on the whole, not what would be called a bad passage. To me, to us I should say, it has been full of discomfort and monotony, and it has fallen very far short of what my notion was of such a voyage.

All that can be done, is certainly done by the servants of the company to minimise your discomfort, and when you are ill, to administer to your wants in every way. Most kind, courteous, and attentive they are,—run off their legs many a time, but always cheerfully responsive when wanted. They cannot, however, get rid of the perpetual nuisances which I have mentioned earlier. We are now beginning to look forward to our enjoyments on the land. They may, and no doubt will, thoroughly compensate us for the non-enjoyment of the voyage, and after all, as Captain Graham says, he can't think what people expect if they don't consider this a good passage!! Well, I certainly don't.

11-0 a.m. Land ho!! My quick eyes enabled me to see the dim outline of "Belle Island," of course, a long way off, nevertheless, distinctly visible. To many, glasses are a necessity, happily I don't require them. "Lo, there ariseth a little cloud from the sea like a man's hand." Well, this is a great deal more, for I can see the outline stretching out in the horizon for a long way. A week to-day we were just going down to the landing stage at Liverpool (English time, 2-30), all ignorant of what an ocean voyage was like, but painting it mentally in gaudy colours!! Well, they have faded somewhat. It is really cold. The ocean is one degree warmer than the air!! Fancy that!! It is the cold wind, not the water, that is complained off in the Atlantic.

I will report progress presently, when we approach the island.

11-50. We are now rapidly approaching the island. Two icebergs are near the ship. They are only small, very white like snow, and one of them close by us appears to rise from the sea and sink down again like a huge hippopotamus at the Zoo in its bath. I can see the lighthouse very distinctly, and my

hands are so cold that I can hardly hold my pen. One Iceberg has the appearance of an immense swan floating on the water, the long neck being very distinct indeed.

I have just run up on deck to have a peep at the "Swan Iceberg." We are close to him, perhaps two or three miles only away. He looks very beautiful, so dazzling in his wondrous whiteness. I have made a sketch of him. The Captain says that nine-tenths of an iceberg are below the surface, so that they must really be of immense size. I have just asked Colonel Wheatley how this one compares with the one he saw in the middle of the night, and he says it is much about the same in every particular.

I have had another "run up," and I can see the iceberg splendidly. It is evidently much larger than I fancied it was, and I have no doubt it is a monster. I am told too that instead of being two or three miles off it, we are eight or ten, so that at close quarters its size would be very great.

I observe two lighthouses as we are getting nearer the island (which is 14 miles long). What a wild rugged bleak looking place. Fancy having to spend your time in those two lighthouses! The solitary life would be dreadful I should say. I can also see a ship in full sail, about 15 or 20 miles ahead. Evidently not a steamer. Quite a novelty certainly. Perhaps we shall overtake her. The coast of Labrador is now distinctly visible, and on our left Newfoundland. Altogether this moment is the most interesting one on our journey. I can see another iceberg too, in the far distance. The sun is now shining, and it is very pleasant. The lighthouse people have just saluted us, which we of course have returned, and some signals are being exchanged which I don't understand, but as there is a cable on the island, I am told we shall be "reported," so that probably our English

friends will hear of us before very long. My friend the Swan Iceberg is rapidly disappearing from view.

We are just passing the end of the island.

3-0 p.m. Lunch was well attended, all the invalids mustered, and everybody was cheerful. It has been a glorious afternoon. The Straits, which we have now entered, are perfectly calm. The sun is very warm, hardly any wind, and I have enjoyed my first cigar on deck. We have just seen a large steamer in the distance, her hull well out of the water. I am told it may very possibly be one of Her Majesty's Ships of War. To-morrow we shall see the Island of Anticosti, which Lord Headley and the Stockwells have purchased. I have just had a long talk about it with the younger Stockwell, and he seems very hopeful indeed of making a success of it. Lord Headley said that he intended to superintend the fishing department, about which he said he knew a great deal. I told him I should be glad to know when good salmon fishing could be had, as I should certainly be tempted to come again for sporting purposes. There are bears, foxes, geese, duck, &c. in great abundance, and with a little roughing, I daresay a man could have fine sport there. If an ocean voyage could be always as we are having it to-day there would be much to enjoy, barring that fearful screw at night.

No sign of any whales, and I am giving up the hope of seeing any, though we may possibly see some yet. I have been looking out for porpoises, it being so very fine, but without success so far.

FRIDAY MORNING, 9-0. Gulf of St. Lawrence.

"I love thee not, uncomfortable sea."

Shall I begin where I left off yesterday, or with this morning? I think with the latter.

What a morning to be sure! Thunder, lightning, fog, darkness, wind, heavy swell, tremendous rain all at once!!

What a falling off from yesterday. I went on deck about 7-30, and it was then a gloomy dull morning, threatening rain, but not cold, so I paced the deck until 8-15, when I went into the saloon. The breakfast bell sounded at 8-30, and the "feeding" began. With precious little notice (I can hardly see, it's so dark) it came on a fog, and we had the lamps lighted to finish with. Then the darkness, lightning, and rain came. Captain Graham told me that it had lightened tremendously from 2-0 to 5-0 this morning,—Sheet lightning. He never saw it so vivid he said. I am happy to see that the rain has nearly ceased, and the light is returning. We shall sight the Island of "Anticosti" this morning, but owing to the fog last night, and the consequently reduced speed of our ship, we have lost about two hours. (Down comes the rain again as furiously as before). We may therefore approach lunch time ere we see the island, and should this blooming fog continue, we shall see nothing.

To resume yesterday's thread.

Whales! Alas! I missed seeing them. Two of them were observed, but I saw them not. I was watching an enormous shoal of porpoises disporting themselves. The concluding run through the Straits was very nice indeed. Labrador with its rocky rough coast on one side, and on the other Newfoundland, studded nicely with timber, and villages down to the water's edge of fishermen's wooden huts. The Straits here are only nine miles wide, so that with the naked eye we could see fairly well. Several icebergs were near us, one large one. They affect the temperature of the water I am told for a great distance, but hardly that of the air.

Nearly everybody came in to dinner, which was very good,

and the saloon very steady. I went downstairs about 9-30 and smoked a second cigar with Mr. Bradley and Fathers Nicholl and Sheehan, both of whom pronounced my "Villars baccy" very good. I went to bed at 10-0, and slept fairly well. The fog-horn awoke me several times, and I found that the ship was going very slowly. In one sense it was a relief, for the screw noise was much less than when we are steaming full speed.

I am afraid we shall have a nasty day, but the changes at sea are so rapid, that it might turn fine and sunshine any moment. Our letters must be written to-day, as the mails will be taken off to morrow at Rimouski. We made 294 miles yesterday, and we have now steamed altogether about 2,000. Quebec will be reached sometime to-morrow night, but I fancy it will be Sunday morning about 2-0.

11-0 a.m. Fine, warm, sun shining!! What a grand change, all so suddenly. I was walking on deck when I saw two small land birds,—one yellow, the other like a martin, following the ship. I am told that they are blown out to sea, and that they take refuge on ships. One of them is already on the spars. Alas!! I see a hungry hawk also following us, and occasionally perching in the rigging. He is evidently aware that small birds do take refuge on ships, and his little game is quietly to catch them. How splendidly he flies. Close to me occasionally, and how beautifully he is marked!! He is a sparrow hawk from "Anticosti."

I am sorry to say I am developing something like a cold in my head, which is unpleasant.

12-40. The day keeps up well, and we have the strongest head wind we have yet had. If in the Atlantic, we should be catching it pretty smartly. I tried to write a letter in the saloon, but found it impossible, the screw made such a shaking

that I had to abandon the notion altogether, and I shall wait until we land. We sighted Anticosti about noon, and I could see the lighthouse plainly with the naked eye. The outline of the land was, however, only dimly visible. We hoisted signals, and the name of our ship, but even with the aid of glasses I could not see any response. They would see us of course, and know what ship was passing, and they would cable us no doubt at once. We passed the Parisian about 2-0 a.m., homeward bound. She left Quebec on Wednesday. I can now see the smoke of a large steamer in the horizon. Probably we shall pass each other in the course of the afternoon. (There goes lunch bell.)

4-0 p.m. I have just written, on my knee, a letter to Arthur.

It is blowing a *furious* gale of wind. Thank goodness we are clear of the Atlantic Ocean, or there would be a pretty mess all round !!

SATURDAY MORNING, 9-15. The last day of our bondage!! We are now fairly in the River St. Lawrence, and only a few miles from the shore on our port side. It is the Province of Quebec. What a noble river!! 46 miles wide in the part of it in which we now are!! To return to yesterday. It was really an uneventful day. The wind abated in the evening, and a great many came on deck. Dinner over I and Mr. Bradley repaired to Father Nicholl's cabin to discuss a brew of hot (Irish) whisky punch. Capital it was, and most grateful and refreshing. At 9-0 we smoked a cigar behind the steering house, which is at the extreme stern of the ship. We hardly felt the wind there, but it is hopeless thoroughly to enjoy a fine cigar under circumstances such as these. It was full moon and the silvery appearance of the water as the screw turned it

over was very beautiful indeed. It is the only decent thing that brute of a screw has done since we started. Weather dull, river calm, and temperature warm and comfortable. I have hardly ever had my overcoat on since leaving Liverpool!!

11 a.m. We are approaching Rimouski, where the mails will be landed, and some passengers. I have been carefully scrutinising the land as we pass, by the aid of my glass. Many villages are dotted up and down on the shore and on the cultivated land rising behind it. The hills beyond are covered with pine trees (so far as I could make out). Several churches (of wood) are built on the shore. The houses seem chiefly one-storied buildings, also of wood, some of them having all their windows in the roof. The fields seem well cultivated, and the country looks as if the harvest had recently been completed.

On the steamer an enormous pile of mail bags is heaped, all to be taken off at Rimouski. A tender will, I presume, come alongside for this purpose.

11-40. Rimouski! Here we are, right opposite the town, which is a pretty large one apparently, about five miles distant. But why does this blooming tender not come? We can see it quite easily, smoking alongside the pier or quay. Our engines are stopped altogether. What a blessing not to hear that fearful screw with its monotonous noise. It is getting cold. Further up I can see some mountains which we shall pass nearer to. I can also see the railway, telegraph posts, railway station, &c.

On deck there is a motley crowd, all crushing disagreeably, and all waiting for the excitement of the tender. Those who land here will reach Quebec this evening by train between 6-0 and 7-0. I should like to do that myself, and to lay down in a good bed and have a good long quiet sleep, christian fashion, instead of this sofa coffin, where turning is well nigh impossible,

and the moment you awake, the torments of the screw commence to annoy you.

What a comparative comfort too it is to write when the ship is not going, though I am holding my diary on my knee with the inkstand open on the washing stand. We shall have to pack up to-day ready for going ashore on Sunday morning early.

11-50. While I was busy writing and abusing the tender the said tender was nearly alongside. The mails, 142 in number, were speedily transferred, a few passengers left us, and this moment the villainous noise of the screw tells me that we have started once more on the last stage of this voyage. I have a good impression of the country from the slight examination I have been able to make of it. I am told that the harvest has not begun, which may be true, and my little opera glasses are not powerful enough to distinguish at several miles whether a field of grain is cut or standing. The small grains of coal from the funnel of the Sarmatian I find very disagreeable. They have an unpleasant way of finding your eyes out, where they immediately take refuge. One lady got a piece of cinder in her eye, and I had to obtain the Doctor's assistance ere it was removed. In a good many things the steerage passengers have the advantage over "salooners," as the noise of the screw does not reach them, and being "forward" (for'd) they have the full benefit of the fresh air, and I often visit their quarters to have a stiff breeze on my bare head. I am very pleased to think our voyage is so nearly ended. Only one little mishap has occurred, and that was the falling down the stairs from the deck to the saloon, of a little girl, yesterday. When picked up a pool of blood was found which had come from her ear, and she will be unable to be removed, so I hear, for some 10 days, when they have carried her ashore. On the whole, not-

withstanding much discomfort and bad weather, we have much to be thankful for, only don't recommend an ocean voyage *for itself*, that's all!

ST. LOUIS HOTEL, QUEBEC. SUNDAY EVENING, 7-0. I have just eaten a dinner which for quantity and the number of dishes I have partaken of I don't hesitate to say is simply scandalous. Shall I record it all? I will. Well then, I had mock turtle soup, baked *blue* fish, sauce Madère,—I took that to taste it, *not* good,—Cincinnati ham, good but cold; black duck, with jelly,—excellent; mountain oysters, sauce tomatoes (simply a swindle), nothing like oyster about it; I'll say nothing of vegetables; green apple tart, whipped cream, Vanilla ice cream, three Bartlet pears, half a Cantelope melon (delicious), large glass of beer (English), cup of coffee.

Well, that's a pretty big spread as the Yankee would say, but I must go back awhile.

Very beautiful indeed is the run up the grand St. Lawrence, with the fields of grain shining in the sun, the picturesque churches, houses, islands, lighthouses, and the bold hills beyond. I got as much of the scenery as I could, but when dinner was ready it was already getting dusk, and when we had finished it was dark. It was a doubtful question whether we were to run right to Quebec or to anchor just before reaching the shallow water. I was hoping devoutly that we might anchor, and so enjoy a quiet night's rest without the beast of a screw, but it was not to be. Our Pilot decided to proceed to Quebec, so after a glass of whiskey-toddy and a cigar in the company of the Chief Steward and Mr. Bradley, I turned in. We had packed all we could already, and breakfast was at 7-0 in the morning.

I had a disturbed night, as there was a good deal of noise

of various kinds, and I was dressed by 6-o a.m.!! I went on deck,—it was raining fast, and looked a nasty morning. We were alongside the wharf. I could see just across the harbour, but rather indistinctly. Breakfast came at 7-o. Everybody was there. This meal over, I finished my packing and patiently waited until the Quarantine Doctor had passed the ship, which he soon did. Then came the awful question of getting the luggage out, and passed by the Customs. Well, I did this capitally. I got the Chief Steward (Mr. Heaton, of whose kindness and attention I can't speak too highly) to introduce me to the Customs man (one of the head Bosses). He simply asked me if I had anything to declare. I said, "nothing," and he marked everything at once without examining a single package. I gave all in charge of a porter from the St. Louis Hotel, paid my various tips,—Stewardess, 10/-; Steward, 10/-; Saloon waiter, 5/-; Boots, 2/6; said good-bye to Capt. Graham and the Steward, and walked down the gangway on shore.

The first thing I did was very meritorious indeed. What was it? Well, *I borrowed a dollar*. With that in hand, I hired a "Wehicle" (Gracious, how it rattled and shook), and we drove down to the ferry, as it is necessary to cross the river. I paid half a dollar for that. The ferry fee was 10 cents, and in a few minutes we were across. The hotel bus was ready to convey us to the hotel, and for this we were asked 25 cents each. I had not got it so I tendered an English florin, which was accepted, by which I gained some trifle, for a dollar is 4/2, and half that would be 2/1, so that I pocketed a penny. Our rooms were soon taken,—we washed, and came down to explore at once. This done, and having rested an hour or so, we set off to the Cathedral!! Heaven save the mark!! at 10-40, service beginning at 11-o. I should have said that the Bishop's wife

was a passenger in the Sarmatian and sat next to me in the saloon. A very pleasant woman I found her, and well informed. The Bishop came down to the boat to meet her, and shook hands cordially with us. We were the first to enter the Cathedral, and we were shown into a pew in the south aisle. The church is very like St. George's Preston in style, and very little handsomer. The chancel is semi-circular (like St. George's), with a rather good east window of the "Ascension." A fine looking organ in a handsome oak case, pipes diapered gold, chocolate, and white. The service not cathedral in any sense of the word, but low church VERY decidedly. The organ has been recently enlarged at a cost of 5,000 dollars, and it is a good one, the tone rich and mellow. I found on enquiry that Warren & Co., of Montreal had done this. The man played fairly well and in good taste. The Bishop, the Rector, and a Curate soon appeared. The Bishop took part in the Communion Service only, and the Rector preached a good plain sermon. On the wall close by our pew was a monument with the following inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
 ARTHUR WILSON PATTEN,
 Lieutenant, the Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade,
 DIED IN QUEBEC, 2ND JANUARY, 1866,
 AGED 24 YEARS;
 AND
 ROBERT DUNDAS,
 Ensign, the Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade,
 DIED IN QUEBEC, 19TH SEPTEMBER, 1865,
 AGED 21 YEARS.
 ———
 ERECTED BY THEIR BROTHER OFFICERS.

I thought it a very curious coincidence that we should be turned into a pew so close by this monument, which I took to be erected to the memory of Lord Winmarleigh's son.

Service (and a collection, of course) over, we walked to the hotel, and found Mr. Bradley waiting for us. "Lunch" was at once the word, for we had eaten nothing since 7-0 a.m., and were really hungry. After lunch we hired a carriage (Oh! dear! what ramshackle things they are, and such rough roads and streets) to convey us to the Falls of Montmorency, eight miles from Quebec. The afternoon was beautifully fine and warm, which was lucky for us. But now a word or two about Quebec. I am a wretched hand at "describing," and I regret this extremely, as there is so much to describe. I must muddle along in my way.

The Harbour of Quebec is very fine, and the city, as it towers above you on the hill, is really a most charmingly picturesque sight. The Citadel, Cathedrals (English and French), the Parliament Houses, and many other buildings look very well indeed, and the surrounding country is lovely. I can't attempt to do justice to it, because time and space will not permit, but if the plague of flies in Egypt was in any way equal to that in this hotel, I can pity the Egyptians honestly. Flies by the million everywhere.

The houses in Quebec are chiefly of wood, and a verandah runs round. They each have a ladder on the roof, in case of fire. The drive through the town is very interesting, over a wooden suspension bridge across the St. Charles River, and so out of the town into the country. A most beautiful drive it is, and the view of Quebec, looking back, is very imposing. I have seen nothing like it ever before. After a drive of an hour and a quarter, and having passed through two "Pikes," we arrived at the gate leading to the falls. Here we paid 25 cents each (of course), and a lad accompanied us to pilot the way. He asked me (of course) to give him something, and I disgorged 10 cents. A few minutes and we were at the falls. Very fine

they are. Imagine a broad sheet of water falling straight down the rocks 250 feet high, from the River Montmorency into the St. Lawrence below!! I would go down to the bottom of the falls, for we were simply contemplating them from the ground opposite them, on the level with the top. My wife and Mr. Bradley stayed behind. I had to descend three hundred and sixty-seven wooden steps!!—No joke I can tell you. It was well worth the trouble, for the falls appeared much finer when I stood at the foot of the deep pool into which they boil. The spray is like a cloud of fine rain, and my umbrella had to be made use of. Oh! what a pull it was up those 367 wooden stairs!!! My knees ached and my legs tottered when I reached the lazy party at the top. I must also record that the view of Quebec from the top of the ground opposite these grand falls is very striking. Our driver, a very intelligent and honest Irishman, told us a good story, which I will relate. "Close to the falls you cross a bridge over the Montmorency, the hill just before it being very steep. A man and his wife were driving down the hill in their little cart when the horse ran away, and dashed into the wooden rails at the bottom with such force that the woman and horse were precipitated into the river, but the man was only thrown on to the bridge. Recovering himself, he got up, and immediately said, "*Mon Dieu ! Mon Dieu ! Mon cheval, Mon cheval !!!*" Our driver chuckled while he told the story, and said to me, "You see, sir, the poor man's only thought was for his horse, which had cost him 20 dollars, and it would cost him 20 more to buy another, but he could get another wife for nothing!!!" "That's good for you, Pat," said I. "Faith an' it's true, sir," said he, "at any rate so I'm towld!!" Well it is good enough certainly, and if it isn't true it ought to be.

Our drive back was very pleasant. On the way we met

Fathers Nicholl and Sheehan on an exploring tour, who said they would call upon us in the evening (which they have done), and we reached home at 5-o, just in time for dinner, at which I am afraid I rather distinguished myself. The air here is so bright and invigorating, and the atmosphere so clear, that it is very enjoyable indeed. I hope weather will favour us all through our little tour.

Now Thomas Moss, Esquire, my excellent friend, thou hast written from page 58 to 72 without any stopping. Thou art entitled to a cigar my boy, and thou shalt have one. Not one bought here, but one of thine own Alfred de Rothschild's, brought out specially from England. My hand aches too, and I am rather hungry!! So here goes to shut up for the night.

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, TUESDAY MORNING, 11-o. I have much to relate since I left off. I did enjoy my cigar on Sunday evening thoroughly, and went to bed soon after. Our bedroom was of the plainest description; and had no fireplace. It did not look out upon anywhere, and we had no tooth water bottle, but were, I presume, expected either to forego cleaning our teeth altogether, or use the water in the jug. We did the latter. I consider the St. Louis Hotel one of the worst in the world, and in addition to that, the charges are an extortionate swindle. Well, everything is much about the same on this side of the water.

On Monday morning, after our breakfast, we hired a carriage from our friend Murray (perhaps the most honest man in the whole lot of them), and started to take the St. Louis Road, which we found very pretty. We visited the Roman Catholic and Church of England Cemeteries, the latter much the prettiest and the best kept. The view from them of the River St. Lawrence is beautiful. We returned by the St. Foy

Road, which gave us a splendid view of the country on the opposite bank of the river. Lorette, old and young, two very pretty villages, the first containing the only remaining Indians of whom there are now very few—a mere handful. We lunched, and after that, Mr. Bradley and I hired another carriage and drove down to the Allan Line Co.'s office to secure return places in the Parisian. Happily we were just able to do this, and to secure every possible comfort on our way home, I took what is called an extra state room, for which I paid some 30 dollars in addition, but it will be money well spent. Mr. Bradley took the Chief Steward's room, but we were requested to call in Montreal at the head office on our arrival there, to make sure that we could have these particular rooms. After this we visited the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a thoroughly French church, handsome, and containing some fine pictures, a list of which I procured. Time was now pressing us, as it was close upon 4-0, and the boat for Montreal should sail at 5-0. We returned to the hotel therefore, packed the small remainder of our traps, got all the luggage down, gave it in charge of one of the porters, got into the bus, and were soon jolted down to the steamer. Here there was a great crowd and confusion. I succeeded, however, in obtaining "cheques" for the larger boxes, and saw the hand-bags and rugs put in the state room, which I then locked, and proceeded to scrutinise the steamer. It does not give you the notion of being a steamer at all. It is a three-storied building floating on the river. The drawing-room is nearly the full length of the boat, all but a smallish open deck "aft," and a larger one at the bows or "for'd." The state rooms are arranged round the sides. There is a gallery running round on the second floor, and state rooms all round. Down below has the appearance of a London restaurant. The feeding was simply an abomination. We started up the river

at 5-10, and the boat was very full. Some people simply paid the fare to Montreal and sat up all night. We paid two dollars for a good state room and we were comfortable enough in it.

The voyage or sail up the St. Lawrence is very pretty indeed, but darkness soon set in, and then we sat and enjoyed the cool evening air on the open deck. Here we made the acquaintance of a Dr. Herbert, who, oddly enough, had been in the regiment with Major Hobbs, and said he was an intimate friend of his. As he had come on board without having secured any berth I asked Mr. Bradley if he would allow him the extra one in his cabin, which he good naturedly did. In return for this trivial act of kindness, speaking comparatively, Dr. Herbert, who had been in Halifax four years and knew all the country well, was good enough to map out for us a complete tour, marking the various places on a map for us, and we intend to follow his advice. I am bound to express my indignation at my hotel bill at the St. Louis in Quebec, which was a swindle from first to last. I may say that we came in on Sunday morning off the Sarmatian and had no breakfast in the hotel, but dinner and tea only; no wine. On Monday we had breakfast and dinner only; no wine.

Mr. Shuttleworth (3).

| | | | | | Dollars. |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|----------|
| To board | ... | .. | ... | ... | 18.00 |
| Sundries | ... | ... | ... | ... | 9.05 |
| Carriage | ... | ... | ... | ... | 4.00 |
| | | | | | <hr/> |
| | | | | | 31.05 |
| | Off | ... | ... | ... | 1.00 |
| | | | | | <hr/> |
| | | | | | 30.05 |

Rather more than £6 English money. I got one dollar taken

off the charge for the carriage, but I paid the remainder I am sorry to say.

Now, M. de Lisle's bill for the same period for himself, his wife, and little boy was 11.50, so that they had charged us nearly three times as much as they had him.

Moral: Avoid the St. Louis Hotel in future, and guard your friends against it of course, I also made the acquaintance on the Montreal boat of a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge—(name Trotter, I think), a pleasant gentleman, with whom I smoked a cigar in the evening. I had a pull at some good Irish whiskey in Father Sheehan's cabin in company with Father Nicholl and Mr. Bradley, and at 10-0 or 10-30 I went to bed. There was no "screw," the boat was a paddle driven by a Beam engine (the usual thing in Canada I find), and she went very steadily indeed. I slept well enough all things considered, but our supper was an abomination. My beef-steak was so tough that my knife made no impression on it, so I failed to see why I should subject my teeth to the chance of being broken off by it!! I sent it away and ordered another, bad enough, but I could just eat it.

I rose at 6 this morning and dressed. On going to the open deck I found we were rapidly approaching Montreal, which looked very pretty on the bank of the river (the Canadian side of course). I could see the fine bridge over the river a little higher up, but we shall pass over it to-morrow evening on our way to Burlington, the first stage of our journey from here.

What dirty people the Canadians are. They smoke and spit everywhere, no matter who is about.

I went ashore, secured a porter from the "Windsor," handed him the duplicate cheques for the big baggage, fetched my wife, handed her into the 'bus, and we started for this hotel,

about a mile from the wharf. Here I secured rooms at once, went up in a lift, had a real wash and brush, and came down to the coffee room to breakfast.

How shall I describe the Windsor? I will say it is one of the finest hotels in the world probably.

The chief entrance is of great size. It contains a post office, and a large bazaar at one end, and leading out of it on the right is the billiard room, a superb one, with 13 tables in of all kinds and sizes, but a very fine room, much beyond what I have ever seen. Then reading and writing and smoking room. Barber's shop and drinking bar. On the left, parcel office, lavatories (very good), boot-cleaning establishment, and other offices. Telephone, &c.,—very complete. The coffee room is enormous in size, without a pillar inside!! and very handsome. The stair-cases and halls are all marble. The drawing-rooms, leading from the coffee room, are many, and all en suite—very luxurious and handsome. I am afraid the "bill" will be a heavy one at a palace of this gorgeous description. We went in to breakfast, with which we were much disappointed all round. Attendance slow. Fish doubtful, and the rest, nothing worth the name. The corridors are all very wide (4 yards), with a window at each end (much improvement on the Langham, where darkness reigns supreme), and they are of great length (from 240 to 260 feet). They are perfectly light and well carpeted. There is (of course) a passenger lift, which is constantly on the move, for nobody dreams of going up stairs or down in any other way.

Breakfast over, Mr. Bradley and I hired a carriage and set off to several places. The post office, Allen's packet office, and Leve and Alden's, the agents for tourists tickets. We found no letters at the post office, but I expected none. Let me mention how admirably the private boxes are arranged.

They are all in the entrance. Each person has his own key, and he comes when he likes, opens his box, and removes his letters, without any waiting or entailing the attendance of a clerk, or perhaps more than one to wait upon him. On Sunday this is found of great service. Could we not introduce such an improvement in England? Thence we went down to Allen's, where we found that we could have the cabins, which had been reserved for us at Quebec, so I paid my extra money, obtained my return ticket for the Parisian, so that we are now safe for our voyage home, on the 4th October, and we should reach Liverpool on Sunday week, the 12th October, weather permitting.

Montreal is a beautiful city so far as I can judge at present. The buildings (churches especially) are good, the streets pretty and much better kept than Quebec, though of course the situation of the place is far inferior. We have ordered a carriage for 2-0, when we shall first go to the Flower Show (with which I shall probably find every conceivable fault) and then we are going up the Mountain behind the hotel from which there is a very fine and extensive view indeed I am told.

Oh! the Almighty Dollar!! never before have I realised the full meaning of that expression, but it is a very plundering place I calculate stranger is this ere countree.

Now then, I am tired of writing, and indeed I have pretty well "written up" so far, so I will (as a lady said) just wriggle round the door, and have my boots cleaned, my beard shaved, (a quarter of a dollar probably) and then I shall be fit and clean for the afternoon. By the way, I was able yesterday to change my shirt for the first time since I left Liverpool!!! and I certainly was "ready" for it. Oh! don't call me a dirty fellow please. It was a flannel one and fairly clean when I took

it off. I think I will first split a Gin Cocktail round the corner with Mr. Bradley, as the effort of writing this up has made me feel thirsty. The day is fine and sunny, and a drink will "light me up" as they say here.

Bedroom No 452, Windsor 5-20 p.m. We have just come in. The heat has been very great all afternoon. The drive up the mountain was very pleasant, bar the flies which swarmed on us, and on reaching the top, the view of the city was indeed magnificent. The afternoon was clear and we had a view of the Lachine Rapids of the St. Lawrence, which we shall shoot when we return from the Thousand Isles. Montreal is a very beautiful city indeed. We all thought the view of it from the "Observatory" the finest we had yet seen. Having taken our fill of the panorama, which was very extensive and fine, we went a trifle higher and called for a cooling drink at a wooden restaurant. This was very refreshing. We returned through the Mount Royal Cemeteries, which beat those in the St. Louis Road, Quebec, the natural beauty of their position being far beyond the other. We passed the Agricultural Exhibition on our way home, but there was such a crowd of carriages around and the heat was so great, that we decided to cut it. Standing up in our carriage we saw some of the hurdle jumping but there was very little in it. We passed by the "Grand Horticultural Exhibition" of course this must be patronised. We paid 25 cents each to pass. I said I should find every possible fault with it. Well, it was merely a farce. Penwortham Show would be princely by comparison. There was not a plant worth carrying home. The show of apples was however very large and good, and "worth the money". The Hot-house grapes were wretchedly poor, and the vegetables ridiculous. Melons as big as wheelbarrows, and quite as strong were plentiful. Some of them probably were decently good, but as

a whole a failure. Nothing had been "Judged" of course and therefore no prize tickets had been placed on any of the exhibits. What the Judges' opinions were therefore, I could not say. I know what mine was. I heard three Judges "arguing" over some "onions" which I should have dismissed very summarily. There was one decent fern, a good plant of the pretty climbing *Lygodium Scandens*, very well grown and in good condition, the others were rubbish entirely. Apples included, a quarter of an hour finished our inspection and we walked slowly back to the Windsor, the heat being rather oppressive, and I had warm clothing on. I am told that it costs sixpence here to have one pocket-handkerchief washed. If that is so my use of that article of comfort will be of the most limited description possible. One a fortnight perhaps! I am writing with this diary on my knee, in the window of our bedroom, from which we have a beautiful view of the city, the river and the country on the opposite side. I don't know what to do this evening when we have dined, but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

9-20 p.m. What a little place the world is! We were put down to a table for dinner at which there was an English waiter. I told him he was so, and he replied Yes sir from Manchester, Queen's Hotel. I said who I was, and he replied he thought he knew me as soon as I came in. He certainly was very pleased to have us, and he gave us the best of everything. We had a capital dinner and thoroughly enjoyed it. "Fairhurst" is his name. He remembered my father and me when we had the Napoleon sitting room at the Queen's.

After dinner and coffee we had a cigar in the entrance hall which has the electric light and looks very well. I invited the Cambridge Professor to join us, which he willingly did. It is a hot evening. Every window is open everywhere, and

the draught is tremendous, but I hear that in this country we need not be afraid of it. My cold is much better, still I cough a little, and I must take care that I don't get a fresh cold on the top of this one.

I think all things considered I will go to bed, as I have a rather long railway journey before me to morrow, moreover, I have nothing to do, and nowhere to go, and I shall only imbibe more iced drinks if I go down stairs again.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 12-50. Had a good night but the heat was great this morning. We were almost wet through from perspiration with the exertion of dressing. We made our way to the coffee room at 8-30, found our English Waiter, and he got us a capital breakfast: Everything freshly cooked, hot and good. How refreshing the melon was! the iced water too. Breakfast over, Mr. Bradley and I took a carriage, and drove to Leve and Alden's to complete the transaction about our tickets for the tour. This occupied a considerable time, but the clerk was most kind in explaining everything and giving us all the information in his power. Leve and Alden are like Cook and Son in England.

This done, we went to the Bank of Montreal, and with some little difficulty exchanged £30 of English Bank Notes for American (greasy) dollars. I wanted £50 changing but they said they could only do £30, so I did the remainder at a regular exchange office at a small discount of 3d. in the English sovereign. We then drove to a good restaurant, and had a "cooler" in the shape of "John Cullen", composed of Gin, Soda Water, Lemon and Sugar. Our next visit was to the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame, a rather imposing, and highly decorated building. There is an hydraulic lift to the tower containing the big bell, called the

biggest in the world, but a mere dwarf beside "Great Paul" in St. Paul's, London. A good view of Montreal is obtained, but the atmosphere was rather hazy. We then drove to the hotel, where I am now writing in my bedroom terribly hot. What a Canadian summer is like I can't imagine, but of the two I prefer extreme cold, for I can stand any amount of it when it is dry. We leave this afternoon at 5-30 for Burlington by train, sleep there, and depart early next morning for Saratoga. I shall regret leaving Montreal, where I could loaf about for a week in a carriage, and consume any amount of cooling drinks and fruit.

I commenced writing my second letter last night. It was to William Smith, to whom I had promised to write. Some of the ground that we are going to travel over he has already seen, but I think he has seen very little of Canada, and I gave him some description of Quebec and Montreal. I called again at the Post Office, but there were no letters for us, and we shall get none now until we come back to Montreal, which will be I suppose perhaps 18 days, when our time will be drawing to a close. I think however we may have time to extend our present tour by going to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. This will occupy 4 days more. When we return to Montreal we shall make a trip to Ottawa to see the Palace and the Houses of Parliament. This I think we can do in a day, but I am not certain.

SARATOGA, FRIDAY MORNING, 9-50. I have been unable to resume my pen until now. We had early dinner at the Windsor under the auspices of our friend Fairhurst, to whom for auld lang syne I gave a dollar wrapped up in a sheet of paper, so that none of the other waiters (who were jealous of him) might see me hand him any money. He was very

grateful, and we told him to look out for us on our return, which he promised to do. Packing being finished, I paid the bill 23 dollars 20 cents, and considering the luxury in which we had lived, I could not find fault with it. We told the cashier we should return in the course of a fortnight or so. Charging a fixed sum per day for board is a good and economical plan, and is a great saving in bookkeeping alone. No matter how much or how little you eat in the day, 4 dollars each is the charge for board and lodgings (16/2 per day), and considering the magnificence of the surroundings and the excellent fare and attendance, bearing in mind too that you are in America, it is a fairly reasonable sum. Well, we took our departure in the bus to Montreal Station of the Grand Trunk Railway. The station is a disgrace even to America, the disorder, dirt, and bustle, dreadful. I got the luggage checked, put the duplicates in my pocket, confronted the customs officer, who made a pretence of examining my portmanteau and Mr. Bradley's, after which he "marked" which means he placed his initials on all the remainder. We then proceeded to the train. First class of course. What a collection of unpleasant people in them. I asked if these were the first class cars, yes sir said the guard. We therefore exchanged into the drawing-room Wagner not Pullman car, where we found comfort and luxury and for this we paid 75 cents each extra. Burlington is about 4 hours from Montreal. The first highly unpleasant operation was crossing the St. Lawrence in the "Tube". It was nearly two miles long, and the smell I could only liken to the Underground Railway in London greatly intensified!! The country, on emerging from this temporary hades was flat, barren looking and uninteresting, and the journey was a monotonous one. "Burlington" was a welcome sound, and we were soon in the bus, having brought

our hand-bags and handed the duplicate cheques to the conductor of the bus. By the way, there are no porters to carry any small parcels for you, this you do yourself. Some of our Preston swells of each sex who are too proud to carry even a small parcel from a shop would have to swallow all that in America and find their level in other ways too!! Well, into the bus we got, and soon arrived at the hotel!! Oh! what a mighty fall from the Windsor at Montreal with all its elegant surroundings to the "Van Ness" at Burlington!!! From Heaven to Hell indeed!! On entering the large hall, it was crowded with these filthy spitting people, smoking and sitting about, caring for nobody. It was unfortunately Burlington Fair, and we came in for it and no mistake. I got hold of a lad about 16, to whom I put the question where can you possibly put all these people? Oh said he, *anywhere, we hang em up on nails*, and the like of that. I believe that boy had lived a long time for his years. Burlington is a pretty place on the banks of Lake Champlain, and the heat was dreadful. We had tea, a cigar in the verandah, and then we departed to bed. We had very good bedrooms indeed, large and very clean. We breakfasted at 7-30 in the morning, as the steamer was to leave at 8-40. The view of the lake from our bedroom was very pretty. The morning was rather dull, the boat came up punctually, our luggage was put on board, and off we steamed. We found our friend the Cambridge Professor on board. Another of those floating drawing rooms this steamer was. The sail through the lake was very fine and enjoyable, as the sun appeared, and it became hot. The scenery as far as Triconderoga, where we got out, was varied and beautiful, perhaps rather like Windermere on a very large scale, for Champlain lake is 140 miles long, Windermere being only 13, and in some places it is many miles wide. At

Triconderoga we had to take the train for 5 miles to Baldwin, where the steamer in Lake George was waiting for us. Traps were soon transferred and once more we were away.

I can best describe the run to "Caldwell," at the head of the Lake George, as a superb succession of lovely and striking scenery, far finer than Champlain, the steamer wound in and out much oftener, and the views were finer and more varied. Islands in great abundance here and there, added to the picturesque beauty of the lake. Bonny villas nestled in the woods growing quite to the edge of the water. Summer residences I presume, and the whole sail was delightful and charming. We dined on board at 12-0, quite ready we were too,—price a dollar each. Oh! that almighty dollar, how they do grab it when they can. We had a fairly good meal, and at 12-40 we had terminated a most delightful piece of our way. The train was ready at Caldwell, and I took the precaution of at once securing seats in the drawing-room "Wagner" which soon filled. The first part of the way was much up hill and the engine groaned wonderfully. Through a pretty wood for miles we steamed; then into the open country once again, fine views every now and then, and here and there small farms (small for America I mean) popping up. One busy scene we came upon, an Agricultural Show, at which a large crowd was gathered. At another place the lumber trade was carried on. The remainder of the journey was very monotonous.

We reached Saratoga about 6-10 p.m., thoroughly glad to leave the train, and here I must stop as Mr. Bradley is pressing me to come to the carriage waiting for us for the first excursion, so farewell for the present.

1-30. Just returned from a very delightful drive on a most glorious morning, but I must take up the thread of my story where I dropped it.

We selected the "American" for our hotel, and thither we drove in the hotel bus. Nothing to pay !!! the first time since we touched American soil and did anything without payment!! Saratoga has some of the largest hotels in the world. In this, the principal street, there are several of great size. The United States is the largest I am told, and contains about 1,100 rooms. Ours is a fairly big one, but second rate, and far lower from the Windsor standpoint. We soon washed the grime from our faces, and there was plenty of it, and came to the coffee room for tea. This was fairly decent, but nothing more. Then we came and sat out under the verandah in the "cool" of the evening. This street is really picturesque. Rows of high trees on each side shade the houses (which are built immediately behind) from the hot sun. The electric light is "pretty frequent" and the ladies were walking about without any covering on their heads. Next door is a large confectioner's shop, where ice creams are sold. We were soon inside, and ordered "Strawberry". This soon came in great abundance, twice as much as in London or the country, and a glass of iced water was handed with it to us. Well, that I could not stand. We returned to our verandah, and Mr. Bradley and I smoked a cigar. Soon we became thirsty and retired to the bar, where we had each a "John Cullen" indifferently concocted, price 50 cents the two!! equal to about a shilling each!! A second visit was soon paid and iced gingerale ordered. This was excellent, but the price very high—25 cents a bottle!! Everything is dear in this country. We went to bed at 9-30. Everybody seems to retire early, though the barman said the bar was kept open all night. "In fact, sir," said he, "we open on the 1st June, and close on the 1st October!!"

I slept capitally, the first really continuous night's rest I

have had. I had ordered a bath overnight, and obtained the key of the bathroom before going to bed. At 8-o I went for my "dip," and thoroughly refreshing it was,—the first I have had since I left Liverpool. A clean linen shirt when I returned to my bedroom was a great luxury, for I have been wearing flannel on account of my cold (now nearly well) since leaving home, and the heat of it has been dreadful. I was in trim for breakfast therefore. We began with fruit. Half a melon each was brought us, and we made short work of the whole lot. Here melon is scooped out with a spoon, and I prefer that way to any other. Tea called "English breakfast" was of course ordered, and we found it excellent. I can't say much for the remainder of the meal, but I was hungry, and gobbled all up. After breakfast I commenced to enter up my Diary, when Mr. Bradley stopped me, as the "carriage" was already at the door waiting. Instead of going on the six-horse coach for the usual drive, we had the extravagance to hire our own landau and pair, and indeed it was well worth the additional outlay. A very nice turn-out it was, a good pair of horses, and a silent driver. First we drove to the park just outside Saratoga, called "Wood lawn Park." It was formerly the residence of G. T. Stewart, and he bequeathed it to the present owner, "Judge Heaton." When we arrived at his mansion, lo and behold, there was the great Judge himself standing at the terrace corner with some man to whom he was talking. We passed within a couple of yards, and of course raised our hats. He returned the salute, and nodded in an evidently pleased frame of mind. He would probably at once recognise Mr. Bradley and myself as two distinguished English lawyers! His park is a very fine one, and has beautiful and most extensive views of the country around. The air was light, dry, and invigorating. I could stay in Judge

Heaton's house "comfortable," as the Americans would say. From here we turned back and drove through the beautiful suburbs of the town, through the town itself in the direction of Saratoga Lake. We passed the public gardens (where we shall go this evening), the fine racecourse—considered the finest in America, along a very pretty road, until we reached the hotel overlooking the lake. Here we descended for a drink, and we each had a "John Cullen" under the hotel piazza, which we drank through three straws. The prices were enormous, but the nigger who waited on us said that every drink was the same price, 25 cents!! We ordered our driver one, and went to look at the lake from an observatory built for the purpose. Small, but pretty, was our verdict. The length of the sheet of water is eight miles, and the extreme width between one and two. Two small steamers ply upon it and convey parties to the Sulphur Springs. As this would occupy nearly two hours we decided it was not worth doing, and so we returned to Saratoga. What a perfect day it is,—but so hot. The carriage was so hot that I could not bear my hand on it!! I am writing in the drawing-room, out of which by three large windows, you walk on to the piazza or covered verandah (all verandahs being covered), and the street is somewhat clear of people just now, the heat and the time for dinner having probably driven them away.

Well now, thank goodness, I have posted my Diary so far. I find it is rather an undertaking, but having put my hand to the plough I will not look back.

Now for dinner!!

3-15. I have just dined. Did I say dined? I ought to have said gormandised. I can't imagine (and I shall not trouble myself to stop and pursue any scientific research on the subject) where the capacity of my stomach comes from, all I know is that there it is and I must attend to its wants.

Frogs legs, by Jove, and good they are too though they do look rather queer. I thought they resembled young rabbit. The flesh was white, delicate, and very good. I will put down what I have had for dinner.

Soup. Clam Chowder!!! There's a name for you,—I must give that at home some day.

Fish. Fried lake trout, potatoes sauté—*boiled*; capon and celery sauce.

Entrees. Frogs' legs breaded; tomato sauce (excellent).

Green Corn. This is grand. I must explain what it is. It is the cone of green Indian corn boiled, and served up in that form very hot to the table. You butter it all over, pepper and salt it, and then taking it in your fingers, one end placed in your table napkin, you simply gnaw the grains off, and ain't it good? rather. I'm going to try to introduce it in England.

Vanilla Ice Cream.

Dessert. Pear, Iced Water Melon, Raisins, Banana.

Cup of coffee (sublime); we drank iced cider (capital), and lots of iced water.

Notwithstanding, none of us feel "crowded" in the least degree. Now what shall we do this afternoon? Why, I think loaf under the verandah, and occasionally go round the corner perhaps for an ice cream.

5-0 p.m. I have been enjoying a quiet sit on the hotel piazza for nearly two hours (nothing on my head), and very pleasant indeed I found it. I have been watching the passers-by in their various turn-outs, some of them very good. Occasionally you see an English brougham or a Stanhope phaeton. The American horses enjoy a luxury which is denied to their English brethren. Their tails and manes are never cut, and much better they look for it, indeed it would be

extreme cruelty where flies are so numerous not to allow a horse his natural resources for getting rid of his tormentors, I have seen some horses enveloped in network with numerous tassels for the sole object of keeping off the clouds of flies. This street (Broadway) looks very gay. The election of President is evidently approaching, for banners are hung right across the street with huge daubs of likenesses of each of the candidates and their names painted upon them. I suppose this is the American method of politically advertising. There are a great number of carriages of all kinds going up and down as I am writing. Regent Street, London, on a reduced scale!! but without the fine shops. I observe that in America carriages pass each other exactly the contrary way to English fashion. It does not look as well.

I should like to do something very smart to a disagreeable woman who has been rocking herself in an arm chair close by me for the last two hours. The monotonous knocking of her feet on the wooden floor of the piazza every time she rocks is most unpleasant, and I have an impression that she is doing it purposely. I think Mr. Bradley is paying his addresses at the shrine of Morpheus, for I have seen nothing of him since dinner time. Nothing could exceed the wretched feeling of drowsiness on the steamer yesterday. Most unpleasant it was, but there was no contending against it unless I got up and walked about, and I observed many similarly affected.

We have the prospect of a full ten hours railway ride to-morrow, from Saratoga to Fabyans in the White Mountains, by way of Rutland, Bellows Falls, Windsor, White River Junction, and Wells River, and I am rather shrinking from it. If we don't leave by 8-10 a.m. to-morrow we shall have to stay Sunday in Saratoga, so I presume I must face my enemy, for the railway is decidedly hostile to my head.

I must dot down a few lines about the hotels in Saratoga, which are the largest in the world, New York itself not possessing any larger if indeed so large. The United States and the Grand Union are the two largest, though there are several other very large ones.

The United States is an enormous building, and can accommodate nearly two thousand persons. Just imagine that if you can. It has a dining room or rather hall in which fifteen hundred can sit down to dinner, and the Grand Union has dining room space for twelve hundred persons at the same time. There are extensive and beautiful gardens behind both these splendid houses, lighted by the electric light, and the effect of these, suspended in the large trees, is very beautiful. The entrance hall of the Grand Union is very fine, and the lofty supports of the piazza give the appearance of majestic height to the whole building. The charges are very high, and for every box, trunk, or portmanteau brought from the station to the hotel a charge of 50 cents is made, nearly two shillings of our money!!

Well, we had a quiet cigar in the hotel piazza after our tea, sitting without any hats, and then I departed to bed to prepare for the long railway journey of Saturday.

I was up at 6-o, dressed, did my packing, and we were down for a quarter to seven o'clock breakfast. It was a poor meal indeed as a real foundation for a ten hours' railway journey, but we could do no better. Then came the "bill." Well, I remonstrated on one item, but *three dollars* for the luggage from and to the station—12/6 of English money! Ye Gods, but our old friend Jos. Hoyle would have been a rich man indeed at these scandalous prices. I was informed that it was the usual price at the watering places, except at the Grand Union where the sum was exactly double. I paid it of course.

We had come to the wrong hotel, but it was too late to lament over spilled milk. We got into the bus, drove to the station, and entered the drawing room Pullman car. An excellent easy swinging car it was, and I have felt rather less inconvenience from riding $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours in it than in travelling to Manchester and back in the shaky "Lancashire and Yorkshire." The first two hours of the way I found the country nothing particular, but the remaining seven were very different. The country was most charming. Mountain, valley, stream, ever changing, and always beautiful, the vast extent of scenery adding greatly to our pleasure. Well, we grew hungry, and at 1-30 we stopped for lunch or dinner at "White River Junction. I have hardly patience even now to describe the villainous attempt at a meal made by the wretched man called the restaurant keeper. Soup!! Heaven save the mark. It was like water that Lot's wife had been using for a month boiled up and placed before us. Brine required salt compared to the horrible taste of this vile compound. "Take it away," said I, "it is not fit to drink, and bring us some fish." "There is no fish to-day, sir." "Of course not, and there never is I should think." I then in despair ordered some chicken. It came. It had been the last living thing to leave the ark I imagine, and probably had been dished up a good many times before. It was cold, too!! Fancy all this to three hungry mortals. The vegetables, too, were uneatable. I paid $2\frac{1}{2}$ dollars for this banquet, and escaped to the "Pullman" as quickly as I could. We soon started, and the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery helped me to forget this swindle. We were getting into a much colder temperature, and we had the windows of the car closed. As we approached the White Mountains the scenery became even finer than before, and I may say that it would be difficult to find another hundred consecutive miles anywhere so thoroughly

well worth seeing. We are approaching our destination rapidly. The American railways are roughly worked compared to the English. For example, I could see no signal men or cabins anywhere. Each engine carries a large brass bell which the fireman rings by means of a cord just before starting, and he is off immediately. We had passed many pretty little villages, with their wooden houses painted white, looking so clean and trim, and by several large Lumber Stations with enormous quantities of felled timber in the rivers and lying all about on the banks. Where this vast amount of wood comes from is wonderful to think of. There must surely be an end of it all in the course of a few years. The consumption in building and fuel is gigantic, and many of the mountains have been entirely stripped of every tree!

Fabyans at last. I was not sorry to see it. A glorious situation it is, right in the White Mountains. This hotel from which I am writing is a very large and commodious one capable of holding five hundred guests. Mountains all round!! The air is fine, light and dry, most invigorating. We enter the front door, sign the book, secure our rooms, enter the lift which took us up a few feet only to the first landing! (just to show us that they had one). A wash, of course, was the first thing, and very hungry, we descended to the coffee room to find, to our dismay, that we had no chance of obtaining any food for another hour! !—7-o being supper time. We were obliged to submit. Seven o'clock came in the course of time, and we sat down. Having given our order we waited with the patience of despair for the execution of it. I am happy to add that we were amply rewarded, for everything was both good and very hot, so we were comforted. The servants in the coffee room are nearly all waitresses, which I much prefer, they are civil and obliging as compared to the men who seem not

to care whether their guests are pleased or not. There is no church at Fabyans of any kind, one hopes that ere long there will be. We shall probably ascend the Washington Mountain to-morrow afternoon if the day is fine and clear, but there were some rather dark looking clouds in the sky when we came here, and I don't know what they may bring forth by morning.

SUNDAY MORNING, 14TH SEPT., 11-30. A very fine but keen and cold morning, the thermometer now at 38 only. The mountains are white with frost. We breakfasted at 8-45. The effect of yesterday's long railway journey was a rather unpleasant headache which I had somehow expected. I hope it will pass off by Monday. Mr. Bradley and I went for a stroll after breakfast and meeting several people with "books" in their hands we enquired if there was service anywhere and of what kind. The reply was that the Priests were coming to celebrate mass in a building close at hand, so I parted company with Mr. Bradley who went to the service. I can see the railway up the mountain quite easily with the naked eye. It looks fearfully steep and dangerous for a train to ascend or descend, but I am told there is no possibility of an accident. It is the same kind of railway as the Swiss "Righi." I can just see the hotel at the top, but it is very difficult to make it out. The height of the mountain is rather over 6,000 feet, and the distance from this house between eleven and twelve miles. We have had frost in the night, and it will be very cold on the top of Mount Washington I imagine. It is sixteen hundred feet above the sea level. The aboriginal name of the White Mountains was "Agiochook" or "Agiocochook," signifying "Mountains of the Snowy Forehead and Home of the Great Spirit." The first white man to visit them, according to Belknap the State historian, was Walter Neal, in 1632, The

"notch" was discovered in 1771, the first inn erected in 1803, a bridle path to the summit of Mount Washington was cut in 1819, and the first hotel was opened in 1852. Next to Saratoga these mountains are the most frequented of any American summer resort.

8-o p.m. Having rested for an hour or more after dinner Mr. Bradley and I turned out for a constitutional. We rambled on hardly knowing where we were going, and we walked for nearly two miles through a rather monotonous wood of small trees only, in the direction of the railway up Mount Washington. I looked carefully about for the flora and ferns, if happily I might find any, but I regret I could meet with nothing worth collecting. Three kinds of Lycopodium or moss I found, and of these I gathered two. One was a creeping one, and very pretty. I found a piece $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, which I wound round my hat. The other was of dwarf stubby habit. I wanted to find the North American "*Adiantum Pedatum*" which is found in the White Mountains, but in what part of them I can't say. I used to grow fine plants of it formerly, in a perfectly cool house, where it flourished famously. Indeed in some parts of England I have no doubt it is perfectly hardy out of doors, though I never tried it. I may perhaps find it to-morrow, but the rapacity of the tourist is such, as a rule, that I am afraid my chance of finding a scrap is quite hopeless. Grasshoppers are here in millions. Birds very few, and I only saw a couple of tom-tits the whole time I was out this afternoon. One would have fancied that in the large woods here the feathered tribe would have abounded, but if they are there I saw nothing of them. Oh! heavens, the band of this hotel has this moment struck up, and in another room close by there is an opposition piano and a Yankee howling!! Have I travelled 4,000 miles to encounter this torture? Through some inscrutable mystery

every man who can play a few tunes on a fiddle, flute, piano, clarinet, or harp imagines himself a good musician! and persists accordingly. I'd rather be chaplain to a pack of foxhounds than hear this so-called band. There is nothing whatever to be done here at night. It is a frightfully dull place. By the way, I omitted to record that on my return from walking I could see the train slowly going up Mount Washington. I ran in for my glasses and then I could see it quite distinctly. Very curious indeed it looked and I watched it until it disappeared over the ridge of the mountain. Letter writing has been the order of the day. My wife has written to two of the children and I have done so to a very old friend near Worcester. I have only written three since I left England.

I quite forgot to mention a little matter that happened in the bar of the hotel at Saratoga. Mr. Bradley and I were discussing a "John Cullen" mixed by a grand looking chap behind the counter, when he suddenly said to Mr. Bradley, "Wa-al uncle, I guess you'd better put a drop more whiskey into that drink!!" We dare not laugh of course in the man's face, but it afforded us much amusement afterwards, and it is quite possible that this appropriate epithet may distinguish the associate of the Northern Circuit for some time to come.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, 3-20. How comfortable a man feels when he has just dined well!! There is a self satisfied feeling, a kind of oily self complacency and superiority over things and people that is mighty pleasant!!!

I retired last night about 9-30. We breakfasted this morning at 8-15. On rising I looked anxiously at the mountain. The day was dull and the mountain covered with a cloud! We therefore prudently decided not to ascend it. One reason was the great expense. I found it would cost £5 of

English money for my wife and myself to do the entire trip,—“the ole og” as John Leech has it, and coupling this with the possibility of being unable to see anything when we reached the summit, we preferred to have a good long drive. Even this we found expensive. However a carriage and pair was ordered and shortly before eleven off we set to do the “Crawford Notch” as it is called. Our carriage was very lightly constructed, and the four wheels were very fragile looking, though in reality they were very strong. We had a pair of black ponies, about 14 hands, excellent in every way, steady, fast, and very quiet. A drive of nearly a mile brought us to the Mount Pleasant House, an hotel of fair size. Four miles further through an uninteresting wood, the road being sand, and heavy, we reached “Crawford House,” a large hotel, finely situated at the entrance of the “notch.” I will explain what the “notch” is. It is an immense gorge in the mountains which rise on each side 2,000 feet high. It is a magnificent drive, the grandeur of the scenery being very imposing. The first waterfall we pass is called the “Silver Cascade,” and it is the finest on the west side of the mountains. The upper part descends 800 feet in the course of a mile, 400 of which are nearly perpendicular. Unfortunately it was almost dry to-day, but we could easily imagine what a dashing foaming torrent there must be when the snow has melted, or after heavy rains. Some distance further on “Beecher’s Falls” are approached, so called after the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher who fell in on one occasion. They are also remarkably fine, and would be grand when the water rushed down them. A drive of eight miles brought us to Willey House (three miles further up the notch than Crawford House). The whole family of Willey was destroyed by an avalanche, in August, 1826, which suddenly came down from the mountains. They endeavoured to escape but

were overtaken and buried alive. Had they remained in the house they would all have been saved, for a huge rock behind it divided the avalanche as it came down, and thus it missed the house altogether. Some of the bodies were recovered, and two heaps of stones mark the spots where they were found. Three of the children, however, were never found!! There are several queer formations in the mountain. The Elephant's Head is a rocky bluff on the east side of the notch, so called on account of its supposed resemblance to the head of an elephant. Then there is the Old Maid of the Mountain, a great stone face on a spur of Mount Webster. On the same side of the road is the Devil's Pulpit, a large overhanging rock, pulpit-like in form. Directly opposite is another profile called the Young Man of the Mountain, and far up the slope of Mount Willard you see a large round hole called Devil's Den, a cave 20 feet deep, 15 high, and 20 wide, to which people have to descend by ropes. It certainly did not look a place to tempt anybody to, for an accident to the rope would send you a couple of thousand feet into the valley below!! We drove a little further and then turned our ponies' heads to return, as time was fast rolling away. I was struck with the utter absence of animal life in the woods we passed through. Hardly even a bird did we see. I was fortunate enough to see one blue jay of which we have had three specimens in the Pleasure Gardens at home. He looked very beautiful as he flew close by me. Not a squirrel came to look at us, and they abound. Perhaps the dulness of the day was the cause of their non-appearance. We passed a man carrying a gun. What in the world was he going to shoot? Perhaps my solitary jay!! The reason why I can find none of the "*Adiantum Pedatum*" is, I hear, because the first frost cuts it down.

We reached Fabyan House a few minutes before 2-0

ready for our dinner—well rather!! The charge for the carriage was seven dollars, and I bartered the man down from eight. Fancy, £1 8s. for a carriage and pair of ponies from 11-0 to 2-0, and half a dollar more for the driver, who deserved it, for he pointed out all the places of interest en route, though he was bad to understand now and then.

To-morrow we go by train to Boston, a five hours run in a Pullman. There we shall probably remain until Thursday, when we shall set off for New York. A couple of days will suffice for that city unless we call upon Tully and so wile away a few hours more than we intend at present. He may for anything I know to the contrary be already at liberty again enjoying his cigar on Broadway. I should rather like to meet him I confess! What would his feelings be I wonder when he saw me?

It is decidedly cold to-day, and we have not had a solitary gleam of sunshine the whole day. It is too late to expect it now.

BOSTON, TUESDAY AFTERNOON, 5 P.M. We found on rising this morning that rain was falling in torrents. We were ready for breakfast at 8-0. It cleared up happily about 9-0, and the day was fine when we started for this place. There was a crush of people for the drawing-room car, but we managed to secure places. A delay of a quarter-of-an-hour took place, there being apparently four other trains to start just at the time of ours. At last the engine bell sounded and we were off. The scenery through the celebrated Crawford Notch (through which we drove yesterday) I have already described, and we thought it very fine, but seen from the train at a high elevation—for the track is cut out of the mountain side—it is far finer, incomparably grand for some miles. I think perhaps

the greatest view we have hitherto seen. For a couple of hours fully we enjoyed this rich treat, and then the country became uninteresting and in places even ugly. What a hot dusty day it had become, and the heat of the car was very oppressive. If I opened the door a cloud of dust rushed in. By the way how the pullman car conductor slams the doors. It was unbearable. Well at 1-30 we stopped for luncheon at some place whose name I never found out, but I found something else out very speedily, viz. that we could get no lunch! Another train from the opposite direction had arrived just before us, and the crowd around the counter was dreadful. We returned quietly to the car, and I determined to get hold of something eatable by some means or other, and carry it to the car, which after some pushing and bother I did, but I could get nothing to drink, and as the train only allowed us fifteen minutes to stop, time was nearly up when I obtained the "supplies". Now I have heard a good deal about the comfort of travelling in these luxurious "Pullman's" in America. Our experience is certainly to the contrary. There is a roughness about everything that would be unknown I should say anywhere else. In England, the London and North Western would not tolerate it, nor indeed would the public. The remainder of the journey to Boston was horribly monotonous and dull, and we were truly grateful when it was ended. The bus of the "Brunswick" we soon found, and my wife was handed inside. We preferred going on the top and did so. A fearful jolting for a mile ensued, which I shall not easily forget, but we landed here in safety. Securing our rooms at this fine hotel (fine looking at any rate) was our first act. This accomplished, I was asked a dollar and a half. 6/3 as payment for the delicious jolting from the railway station!! Not such a bad start, Mr. Ferguson. I wonder if everything else will be

charged in proportion. We passed through a fine square, with public gardens beautifully laid out. Wonder if Winckley Square, Preston, will ever be laid out! Alas! never sir I am afraid, and they could be made so nice and useful. No creature uses them at present. Well our bedroom here is a most sumptuous apartment. The walls well decorated with good engravings; lounges, sofas, and all that kind of thing. A large bow window from which we can have a peep at the river I presume, but that has yet to be explored. I should say Boston was a fine city, but it is just half-past five o'clock, and that is dinner hour here, so I must away down, and get all I can for the money, which will be I dare say 4 dollars each a day. The dining-room doors were thrown open precisely at 5-30, and we entered at once a very handsome well-appointed room, with a great many small tables all nicely set out. The waiters were coloured men, and each man wore white cotton gloves. We had a good dinner, but the time wasted between each course was lamentable. Every dish was hot and good, the waiting quiet and orderly. The room rapidly filled, and before we had finished it was crowded. The drawing-rooms are luxuriously and elegantly furnished, much smaller than those at the Windsor in Montreal, still they leave nothing to be desired. After dinner we had a stroll, a cigar, and a "John Cullen," and at 9-0 we were ready for bed.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 9-40. I was roused at 2-30 this morning partly by the wind which was making a great noise and by a beast of a mosquito which buzzed unpleasantly near my face. Our bed had proper mosquito curtains, which we had however rolled back. I got up and hunted for my enemy without success. Presently I heard his "Ping Ping" again but I could not find him, and he evidently considered me unfit for food, as he did not molest me.

I have a lively recollection of these little scourges at Nice many years ago, when I caught and killed nine inside my mousquito curtains, after which I slept in peace. I hardly feel the effects of that abominable railway journey yesterday I am thankful to say, and a delicious bath on rising made me fit for breakfast, to which all of us have done substantial justice.

Now for exploring Boston.

4-40 p.m. We decided that it would be pleasanter in every way to have a carriage at our own disposal, and accordingly we ordered one. A landau and pair of horses were round in two minutes, and we started off on our tour of inspection. It was very hot, and umbrellas were in immediate use. We drove along Boylston Street, in which our hotel is situated, a very wide, handsome street it is, with fine houses, churches, and public buildings, and a double line of trams. The public gardens are here. They contain 22 acres, beautifully laid out, with a sheet of water in the centre of four acres extent, crossed by a handsome bridge. Nice fountains, too, were playing in the gardens. They are separated from the "Common" by Charles Street. The "Common" is what I should call a park. It is nearly 50 acres in extent and contains fine trees. It is surrounded by a handsome iron fence, and is laid out in sloping lawns and winding walks. We passed on by two very handsome savings banks. (Banks are plentiful, and Doctors as thick as sparrows, worse than Winckley Square.) Another handsome building was the Young Men's Christian Union. Washington Street is a good busy place, capital shops, and reminded me rather more of London than of any other place. Here were the Boston and Globe theatres. Hawley street was our next turn, and we stopped at the offices of the Equitable Safe Deposit Company. We entered the lift here (there are three of them in constant use) and went on to the top of the

roof, from which place an extraordinarily fine panoramic view of Boston is obtainable. The day was clear, and we were much impressed with the beauty of the scene, the shipping in the bay increasing the beauty of it. We descended and went to inspect the "vaults." These we were not admitted into, but from the reading room you can obtain a good view of them, and are of course surprised at the massive doors and the security, apparently perfect, of the place. We had nothing whatever to pay. Would any English firm be as enterprising, and incur all this heavy expense merely as an advertisement? for that is all it possibly can be. The Post Office is a fine building. The Produce Exchange also. This reminded me somewhat of Covent Garden. "Faneuil Hall" in Dock square is said to be the most interesting building in the States next to the Independence Hall, Philadelphia. This was built in 1742, and presented to the town by a Peter Faneuil. Fire destroyed it in 1761, and it was rebuilt 1768. In the year 1805 it was enlarged to its present size, which is not very great certainly. It is adorned with many portraits of American celebrities, and there is an enormous picture at one end, 30ft. by 16ft., representing the Hon. Daniel Webster replying to the Hon. Robert Hayne, in the Senate House of the United States, Jan. 26th, 1830. The name of the artist is Healey. The floor of this hall is sanded, and you are requested not to *spit* upon it. Everybody is expected to sign his name in the book kept for that purpose, so we all did so, and I purchased for 10 cents a key to the large picture. The heat was now broiling. We passed on and came to Christ Church, a plain looking building, but of some importance historically for it has the following inscription on it:—

"The original lanterne of Paul Revere displayed in the steeple of this church
 "April 17th, 1775, warned the country of the march of the British
 "Troops to Lexington and Concord:"

We drove on to the environs of Boston. Bunker Hill Monument (of which I purchased a view, and of other places in Boston also) was our next stopping place, and we walked up to inspect it. It is erected on the site of the old redoubt at Breed's Hill, and commemorates the great battle fought on the spot on June 17th, 1775. There certainly is nothing to recommend it but height and size. It is a plain granite obelisk 30 feet square at the base, and 221 feet high. From the observatory at the top we are told a fine view is to be had, but as you have to climb 295 steps before reaching it, none of us cared to do so, for I had suffered for a full week after descending the nearly 400 steps to go to the Montmorency Falls at Quebec, and I had not forgotten it.

Well, we were rapidly getting thirsty!! No wonder. I know of nothing so trying on a hot dusty day as sight-seeing. On we went to Cambridge, three miles west of Boston, to see the Harvard University, the oldest and richest institution for learning in America. It was founded in 1638 by John Harvard, and it embraces besides its collegiate department, schools of law, dentistry, science, art, and theology.

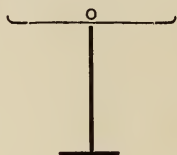
It is an immense succession of buildings, through which we drove. The college yard of 15 acres is nicely laid out and has some good trees in it, large elms they are. In all there are some fifteen buildings and about 1,400 students. North of the quadrangle is "Memorial Hall," a handsome building 310 feet long and 115 wide, with a tower 200 feet high. It was erected by the students and friends of the university, in commemoration of the students and graduates who lost their lives in the civil war. We next passed a venerable old elm tree carefully railed round, but falling into decay. In front of this tree, Washington assumed the command of the American army in 1775. It is considered to be fully 300 years old. We drove on

and along a fearfully dusty road, till we arrived at a house which formerly belonged to the poet Longfellow, which Gen. Washington used for his head-quarters. Here we turned round and made for home. We ordered our coachman to stop at the first drinking place, and here we got out (the men I mean) and we had a "milk punch". This was a long drink and made thus: Sugar first, then rum, then brandy, then ground ice. This was well mixed. The milk was then added, and the whole put into a tin cup and thoroughly shaken up, when it froths up like soap suds. You drink it through straws, and there is a catholicity about it striking and pleasing to the palate I can assure you. We reached home at 1-15, having been exactly 3 hours of a round. Ready for lunch we were, and enjoyed it too. I will give you our menu. Mayonaise of Lobster (good), Ice Creams (good), Fruit, Coffee (good). After this I rested half-an-hour, and then went with Mr. Bradley to see the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The tram took us there in ten minutes. We were disappointed with it. Outside it is a fine building. Inside it is lofty enough, but plain in ornamentation. There are some excellent stained glass windows, and a large organ. The style of architecture is I believe, "Mediæval Gothic". We came home at 4-15, the heat being unfavourable for walking. We dined at 6-30 and had the good fortune to have an excellent and attentive waiter, under whose auspices we fared sumptuously. After a short rest we strolled out to the public gardens, which are illuminated by the electric light, and looked very pretty. It was a beautiful evening, and we had a cigar each (Mr. Bradley and I) sitting under the shade of some tall trees. I sat without any hat, and had no reason to apprehend catching cold. Fancy sitting in the park at Preston between 8-0 and 9-0 at night at this period of the year, without your hat!! In these gardens I observed

young men and women in pairs invariably (an Americanism I presume) walking about or on the benches provided by the thoughtful authorities. The young man usually had his arm round the waist of his companion. I knew of course that we had nothing like this at home, and so I concluded that it was yet another Americanism. We might with advantage follow the example of our American cousins in a good many things. This afternoon at 5-30 we had a short railway journey to make to Newport, where we shall take steamer to New York, sailing all night, and arriving there at the rather awkward hour of 6-30 a.m. Our programme for to day is not made out, and will probably end in muddle and waste of time. On the whole, I am disposed to think that Boston is the finest city we have visited. It has one hundred and seventy nine churches, an enormous number. Of these twenty six are Roman Catholic, but there are churches belonging to every conceivable kind of faith, and a great many are of dissent. The tram cars here are much better than ours. They are larger, better lighted, travel much quicker, and that they are greatly appreciated is proved by the fact that they are crowded. There are no outside seats but there are closed and open cars, the latter being like ours only with a cover to keep the heat and rain off, they have curtains at the side which can be used at pleasure. A board runs round the outside so that the conductor can collect the fares easily. He uses the bell punch or some similar invention, and I noticed that the drivers carried no whips. They have good horses so whips are not required.

12-30. I have just had the great satisfaction and privilege of paying half-a-dollar (2/1) for having my hair cut and getting shaved!! I fancy this is a paying line of business. We walked out after breakfast through the public gardens, to the common, in order to have an inspection of the monument on

Flagstaff Hill. The soldiers' monument is certainly a very fine and noble thing. It is of granite, is 90 feet high, with four statues of great size at the base, surmounted by a colossal figure of America guarded by four eagles with outstretched wings. Walking down we came upon a party of young men playing at "base ball" an imitation of the good Old English game of rounders, which I would join in again any day. We strolled back through the gardens, and I was much struck with the carpet bedding, which was beautiful, very tastefully and cleverly designed and carried out. Large masses of *Coleus* of various colours are used for bedding-out. I noticed plants which we cultivate in stoves and greenhouses in England, such as *Vincas*, *Lantanas*, and some specimens of *Alsophila Excelsa* and *Latania Borbonica*. All looked flourishing and well. They have quite a novel way of watering the grass plots. A hose of great length is laid on from the water main, at the end of which an upright rod about a yard high is fixed, at the top of this is a device like my sketch below.



This top revolves I presume with the force of the water, and being pierced with a multitude of small holes, it sends out a fine spray for fully 6 or 8 feet all round. Of course the machine can be moved from place to place, so that the whole plot is speedily watered. (American ingenuity again.) We walked up Commonwealth Avenue, a magnificent street, or rather a double street, planted in the centre with fine trees and a broad walk with statues in the middle. It is fully a mile long I

think, and the houses on each side are fine and lofty. I know of no such street in England. Beacon Street runs parallel to Commonwealth Avenue, and is also a remarkably fine wide street, surpassing any of our own to my thinking. From the public gardens, a fine view is obtained of "State House," a large building with an immense gilded dome. We have not had time I am sorry to say to go inside, for there are some interesting statues that I should have liked to have seen. We shall be sorry to leave this fine city, but time presses, and lingering in any place is impossible. I expect New York will astonish me, and then the gem of all "Niagara" will be the grand finale of our tour. Of course we have the Thousand islands and Lachine rapids on our return to Montreal, down the St. Lawrence, but practically "Niagara" is the end of our little trip from Quebec, and a mighty pleasant one it has been as the Americans say. The weather has been grand from the very beginning. We have been highly favoured indeed.

5TH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK, FRIDAY, 10-30, SEPT. 19TH, 1884. Here we are at last, after a very wretched night, but I must return to yesterday. We dined early, 2-0, and had the advantage of a good waiter. Watching me take a pinch of snuff he smiled, and I said I presumed the Americans did not take snuff. No said he, but I do! I then offered him the box, but he would not dip his fingers in (I suppose he thought that would be wrong) so he asked me to put him a little in the palm of his hand. I did so and he disappeared. On his return with another course, I said well John how did the snuff go down? He replied Oh! straight sir!! Dinner over, I went and asked for my bill, and when I got it, the

following familiar words from a well-known glee flashed across my mind,

"If gold thou hast, fond youth t'will speed thy wooing,

"But if thy purse be empty, come not to me a wooing."

Every word of that applies heart and soul to America. Pay, pay, pay, everybody, at every turn enormously. Well we had been exactly two days at the Brunswick, and our bill was, including eight dollars (£2 1s. 4d.) for the three hours drive in the morning, 41 dollars 50 cents, or, in our brass £10 2s. ! Pretty stiff I trow. I remonstrated about the charge for the carriage. The cashier admitted that it was very high, but said he, *they* do charge high. I wondered who the "they" were, *and*, I paid!! Two more dollars were extracted for taking us to the station together with our luggage, (which was called of course *extra luggage*) and then we had the said luggage "checked" to New York, took our places in the drawing-room Pullman (another squeeze of a dollar and a half) and at 6-0 we started for Fall River to pick up the steamer. The train was a very heavy one (14 Pullman's I think) and we went very slowly. After an uninteresting hour and 20 minutes, we found our journey ended. Our car was "switched" alongside the boat, and we descended. Heavens! what a fearful crowd, and we had not secured state rooms, or berths, or anything. I took my place in the hive of persons who were waiting to secure somewhere to lay their heads for the night, and I got two berths together for Mr. Bradley and myself. State cabins had all been taken 2 or 3 days in advance, and all my wife could get was a mattress simply put down on the floor of the Ladies' Cabin. The steamer was a magnificent vessel indeed, far superior to any I have yet seen in America. We waited an hour before we could even get down into the snpper room, but at last our turn came, and we were ushered into a handsome

saloon where everything was very nicely laid out, and we had an excellent meal at a moderate price!! Mark that!! Then came the question of "bed" My wife retired to the "splendour" of the Ladies' Cabin, and I made an examination of the "cup-board" assigned to me and Mr. Bradley. Well I could not bring myself to face it, and ultimately I found an arm chair in the saloon, put my feet up on another, and there remained until 6-o this morning dozing and sleeping at intervals. It was horribly uncomfortable. Mr. Bradley "turned in" and had a fair sleep. I found my wife close by me in the saloon at 6-o a.m., and she said she had passed a wretched night. Women talking, quarrelling, and children crying. Smells of all kinds, and no covering for her of any kind!! Oh! it is pleasant to travel in America!! The morning being fine we went outside and remained there until the steamer reached the wharf. It is a pretty sail for about a couple of hours, lots of shipping of all kinds, the shore on each side studded with country seats and other buildings, and plenty of life all round. Soon we came in sight of New York, and in time we passed under that truly wonderful bridge which connects Brooklyn with New York, "The East River Bridge." It looks marvellous as you approach it, but when you pass under, it does indeed present a wonderful sight. The largest ships of course can go under it. The towers are, I find, 260 feet high, and the distance across the river between them is 1,595 feet. The bridge is 6,000 feet long and 85 feet wide, and has space for two railroad tracks, four wagon ways, and two footpaths. From high water mark to the floor of the bridge in the centre it is 135 feet. The cost was 14,000,000 dollars, or nearly three millions sterling. We waited patiently until most of the passengers (some 1,000 or more) had gone ashore, and then we came ourselves. I hired a hack carriage

and after waiting half an hour at least we succeeded in getting our luggage on, and away we started for "Fifth Avenue." It is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the station, and as the streets are paved with rough stone setts we soon had enough of it. We drove along Broadway which certainly disappointed me. I expected to find a much wider and nobler looking street. There are some fine, lofty, and uniformly built edifices in it, but beyond its great length I could say nothing more in its favour. Presently we reached Fifth Avenue Hotel—very large it is. We took our rooms on the fourth floor and at once proceeded to wash away the traces of the night's discomfort. This done, the inner man reminded us that he required something, so we went at once into the dining room, a very handsome room indeed, beautifully decorated and without a pillar inside it. No huge ugly chandelier in the middle of the ceiling, but the gaslights were arranged round the sides so that nothing could obstruct the view of the room. We soon ordered what we wanted, and being as hungry as lions we made small beer of everything in quick time. We then returned to our bedroom (far inferior to the grand one at the Brunswick), and my first act was to make a record of my financial expenditure since yesterday morning—a rather important item I find, now it is all put down, and I then commenced my morning's task of entering up my Diary. The two together have just occupied me one hour and I am now due to meet Mr. Bradley, who had gone to call on some friend in Broadway.

2-0 p.m. We have just returned from a stroll—along Broadway of course, looking into the shops! There are some large "Stores" no doubt, but London is superior in my opinion. It was rather hot, so we crossed the street to a large sort of public grass plot shaded by large trees, and sat down to eat peaches which I had been purchasing on the way. Peaches

are plentiful as apples in England, and as cheap. Three quarts of them for three shillings!! While sitting, a shoeblack accosted me with the stereotyped "Shine your boots, sir?" I acquiesced, and for the first time in my life the operation was begun. He spat on his blacking first, dug his brush in, and daubed my boot over. Then he spat on my boot and the polishing process began! It was surprising what a polish that lad put on. I have never been so "polished" before. I paid him ten cents for it. We walked slowly back to our hotel for lunch, but I was not "ready," and preferred waiting until 5-30 for dinner. I am surprised that in a city like New York the authorities allow the main thoroughfares to be so roughly kept. It is not so bad as Quebec certainly, but it is very bad indeed. It is quite clear there is very little to see here and we shall clear out to Albany by the day boat on Monday, sleep there that night, and go by the mid-day train on Tuesday to Niagara. I have written my second letter to William Smith this afternoon. The mail leaves for England to-morrow.

At 5 30 we entered the dining room for dinner. I am bound to say that this hotel falls short of the Brunswick in Boston. The style is inferior, and the cooking not as good. Our bedroom here is a miserable affair compared to the spacious and elegantly furnished one we had at Boston, and we shall have more to pay here probably. After dinner Mr. Bradley and I went on a strolling expedition. On getting into the entrance hall we found a motley crowd some two or three hundred in number infesting the place, which is evidently a fashionable lounge. They were sitting, walking, talking, sleeping, smoking. Hats of all kinds they wore. It was like an "Exchange" and in our own country would be considered an insufferable nuisance and a great hindrance to business, but I have observed the same practice everywhere so I presume it is a recognised

thing. Turning to the right, past the elevators, there is a handsome flight of steps leading to spacious and elegantly fitted up lavatories, boot cleaning room, barber's shop, and billiard room. The latter contained twelve tables, but it was too low to be considered a fine room. We came up and passed out into the street. Madison Square, immediately opposite our hotel, is lighted by the electric light, and I thought seven lamps all together at the top of a high pole made the Square Gardens look very pretty. We strolled along slowly. There are several splendid hotels in this immediate neighbourhood, viz. :—The Albermarle, Hoffman House, Gilsey House (all white marble), and many others. We tried to purchase a good mild cigar but it was impossible. They don't keep them in my opinion. I paid tenpence each for two which were mere rubbish. We returned to our hotel and turned into the magnificent bar, opposite to which there is a fine reading room containing a book and newspaper stand. Here we had our favourite "John Cullen," but imagine my disgust at having sixty cents to pay ! These Americans certainly do fleece you most unmercifully. Fancy paying $\frac{1}{3}$ in England for a small gin and a bottle of soda water with a dash of lemon and sugar ! ! At 9-o we went upstairs, and I had not been many minutes in my bedroom when I heard a great noise in the street,—a band and shouting. I looked out of the window—such a height up it was—and I saw a large procession, people in costumes of various kinds carrying coloured lamps, a cart with the electric light, and of course banners and the usual crowd of people. It was Cleveland's electioneering procession. I suppose that is the way they do it in America. Another procession of the same kind I saw going in another direction. That would no doubt be an opposition one. The noise continued for a full half hour and then all was quiet.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, 2-20. We have again a magnificent day. As soon as breakfast was over we took the tram to Central Park, distant between two and three miles, fare only five cents ! We got out when the tram stopped at its terminus and entered the Park. We soon found that on foot we should make no progress, so we hired a landau and pair for one dollar which we subsequently increased to two, and proceeded to drive through this wonderful park. It is 843 acres in extent (eight times as large as Moor Park, Preston). There are eighteen entrances. Four public streets cross it to afford opportunity for traffic passing under the walks and drives of the park. The "Croton" Reservoirs (which supply the water for New York) are two in number, one 35 and the other 107 acres in extent. The water is supplied from the falls of the Croton River some 36 miles distant, and is so clear and good that no filtering whatever is required, but just now the reservoirs are very low and a third will shortly be constructed, the present ones being insufficient. There are five artificial lakes which occupy 45 acres or so, and they certainly are very beautiful. Statues abound,—some large, some small. There is a music pavilion. I was astonished to find something very like Cleopatra's Needle, and on enquiring from our driver he said that Mr. Vanderbilt had defrayed the cost of its transit from Egypt—some 20,000 dollars. It is called "The Obelisk" and is exactly like our own Needle on a smaller scale. Immense piles of natural rock add a great charm to the scenery, and the trees and shrubs are very beautiful for the time they have been planted (it must be remembered that this is a young park). The drives are very broad and splendidly kept, and neatness and order everywhere prevail. One drive is the Rotten Row of New York, and about 4-0 or 5-0 in the afternoon the crowd of carriages is so great that walking is the

only pace possible. One gentleman was pointed out to us, who was driving in a buggy, as having challenged any man in America to trot against his team for 10,000 dollars, the winner to hand the stakes over to a public charity. Nobody has ventured to accept his offer. Another man driving a rather fast trotting mare was pointed out to us as having paid 13,000 dollars for that said "oss." This mare "Lucy" could trot a mile in some incredibly short time, $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes I think. Mr. Vanderbilt's trainer drove past, an elegant looking gentleman as the American expression is. We came shortly to the house of the Park Superintendent, whose salary is 5,000 dollars a year (£1,000 a year of our money), house free, and a carriage and pair at his disposal. Now I could have done with an appointment of that kind myself, the life would just suit me—always in the open air, very little to do, congenial kind of work, and a good screw to boot. The Central Park is the great show in New York, and I should say there was none other in the world equal to it for beauty. We were greatly pleased with our drive. This ended, we took the Elevated Railway (close to the Park) and for ten cents you can go round the city. Very wonderful it is; more so than interesting or pretty. Imagine a railway over your head in Church Street, Fishergate, Lune Street, going round Winckley Square, and down to Strand Road!! It is a funny sensation when you are going, looking into the third storeys of many of the buildings. At the terminus we got out and walked to the railway which crosses the great Brooklyn Bridge. We entered the single car, which is drawn the whole length (a mile) by an endless rope. You get a very fine view of New York as you cross, and a capital sight of the river and shipping. Five cents is the charge for this trip and it is well worth doing, for certainly the bridge is a colossal wonder. The Elevated Railway soon brought us to 23rd Street

and in five minutes more we had entered our hotel, ready indeed for lunch, having seen a great deal during the course of the past four hours. We are meditating the Theatre this evening, for surely we should be able to say that we have been into at any rate one first rate American theatre, and to-night will be our only opportunity, as we are now, be it remembered, on our return journey to Montreal !!

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 21ST, 1884, 9-30 a.m. Another gloriously fine day. We secured places yesterday afternoon at the Comedy Theatre for a piece called "Innestilation," knowing nothing about it, but it was the only comedy we could find and I detest a tragedy cordially. The theatre is in the Broadway but fully twenty minutes walk from our hotel. We took a bus—the wrong one of course, but it landed us reasonably near our destination. To this "bus" there was no conductor—a driver only. You are expected to place your fare (five cents) in a box kept for that purpose as soon as you enter the conveyance, and somehow the driver appears to have some means of finding out if you have not done so for he rang his bell sharply several times soon after we entered, and we of course not knowing the reason enquired. We were told that we had not paid our fares. Well, the theatre was crowded when we reached there. Only a small one. The piece had neither plot, villain, hero, nor anything else, it had neither beginning nor ending, and yet it was very cleverly done though intensely vulgar. It seemed to please the audience and we could not help laughing of course. The nigger dancing was very good. It was over at 11-0, and we commenced walking home, but ended in a bus which took us to the door of our hostelry. I must really record an ingenious method of advertising which is going on within a hundred yards of this house. On the top of a house (an

advertising office it is) a large canvas is fixed upright, the size is about ten feet by eight feet. On this a disc is thrown by some means, exactly the same as in a magic lantern, and on it the various advertisements keep appearing. Each one stays about 15 seconds when it suddenly disappears to be replaced by another. It is very clever and thoroughly characteristic of our American friends. Such a method would I fancy never be so much as even dreamt of with us. We are going to Trinity Church, the oldest and I hear the richest in New York. I am not expecting any musical treat and therefore I hope that I may be agreeably disappointed. All the Americans came into the dining room this morning with their newspapers, and the "stand" immediately outside is stocked as if it was a week day, I am glad we don't do that in England at any rate.

12-30. We took the Elevated Railway as far as Portland Street which brought us close to Trinity Church. By the way, this railway is wonderfully convenient, and capitally managed. There is one uniform charge of ten cents whether you travel twenty yards or ten miles, so that it is very cheap. Only one class of carriages is provided, and they are commodious and comfortable. What a delightful contrast in every way to the horrible underground abomination in London, where in many places you are nearly stifled with the sulphur. Moreover, no smoking is tolerated either in the carriages or on the platforms and therefore no annoyance of that kind is prevalent, and the dreadful "spitting" is entirely absent happily.

We reached the church at 10-30 precisely, at which hour service began. It is a handsome kind of building, lofty, and without any galleries save one at the west end which simply contains the grand organ. There is a large nave and north and south transepts. The nave is "reserved," the rest is free. We got rather a bad place in the north aisle and we could

hardly see the altar or clergy. Presently in came the choir, a very large surpliced one. There is a second organ in the choir which was alone used this morning. The organist is a middle aged man, and a good player. The instrument is elevated some ten feet from the floor, and the player sits rather under it facing the chancel and in the midst of his choir. The front pipes were very handsomely diapered. There were only two manuals to the organ, the tone of which was pure, soft, and good. The choir is no doubt a good one but I did not admire their style of singing and the whole service was immeasurably inferior to that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, with its magnificently trained choir of fifty and its incomparable organist and organ. There is no service I have ever heard that is its equal, and Gounod, the great composer, said it was the finest in Europe. At our service this morning—where the ritual was certainly a high one, there was too much organ. The player would be "at it," he accompanied everything—quietly, I admit, still he was hammering away incessantly, and I should have found it a nuisance had I been the chanter. We had a short sermon of fifteen minutes from a man with a fierce moustache and beard, whose accent was "decided." He preached well however, but we found a great difficulty all through the service in hearing, which was unfortunate. I need hardly add that the usual offertory was made. The organ in the west gallery is apparently a very large one, and it was a disappointment to find it silent. Service will commence at 4-0 p.m. this afternoon, a most inconvenient hour, and we shall certainly not attend it. We returned home by the Elevated Railway. There is no protection of any kind on a great portion of it, and should a carriage get off the line down into the street it would inevitably go, as there are only a few inches of space between the wheels and the precipice ! if I may so call it.

While I am writing a "caller" is announced, who can it be? It is our good friend Dr. Herbert, of Halifax, whom we first met on the steamer from Quebec to Montreal and who kindly planned this tour for us. I must relate a story which Dr. Herbert told me concerning something that happened to himself and a Dutchman. I will endeavour to give it as nearly as I can remember in the Doctor's own words.

"I was travelling in a remote part of the interior of Africa, when I had to put up for the night at a small road-side public-house. There was only one bedroom which I had to share with a Dutchman. I declare to you, that this man had never been washed since he was born. The floor of the bedroom had recently been covered over with fresh cow-dung to keep away fleas and other vermin, there was only one small window, which was closed, and what with the smell of the Dutchman and what with the smell of the cow-dung, I was pretty nearly suffocated. Well, I got up and opened the little window for air as I could hardly breathe, when the Dutchman jumped up in a minute or two and slammed it down. As soon as he lay down again, I jumped up and opened it. He shut it again, I opened it a third time, but he shut it down again. Thinks I, this won't do, I must try some other remedy. Now I had my hunting whip with me, so I grasped it, jumped out of bed, turned back the Dutchman's bedclothes, lifted up his own clothes, and just gave him three whacks with my whip as hard as I could on his bare hide. It's no use tickling a man thinks I, when you give it him, give it him straight. Well, he jumped up as if he had been shot, and rushed out of the room cursing and swearing dreadfully, looking out probably for a poker or pikel or something of that kind to kill me with, when I barricaded the door with a chest of drawers, and he could not get in again. In a short time I saw his villainous face just

peering in at me through the window, but he disappeared, and I saw no more of him that night or next morning." The Doctor here laughed heartily when he had finished this part of the story. He proceeded to say. "Two years after I met the same Dutchman again, we were both on horseback, and the recognition was mutual. He started in pursuit at once, but I was better mounted than he, and so I escaped him." I can not of course convey to the reader any adequate idea of the admirable manner in which the Doctor told the story, and his strong Irish brogue made it infinitely more amusing, and I have been compelled to trim the language a wee bit to make it presentable in my diary. We all roared with laughter when Dr. Herbert told it in his splendid style. He kept Mr. Bradley awake about two hours with his collection of stories, but I have not had the advantage of hearing any but the Dutchman and he is quite good enough.

2-45. Having had a very brief interview with Dr. Herbert, whom we invited to dine with us at 5-30, Mr. Bradley and I, after lunch, walked down Fifth Avenue and went into the Jesuits Church close by. It is a particularly handsome church in the style of St. Wilfrid's in Preston, the latter being a feeble imitation of it. The entire church is completely finished, and the effect from the west doors, looking east, is certainly fine. I don't think I have admired any of the Roman Catholic Churches so much as this one.

ALBANY, DELAWARE HOTEL, 8-30p.m., MONDAY, SEPT. 22ND.
What a delightful treat it is to sit on the upper deck of a fine, smoothly fast-going steamer, on a grand day, on a still grander river, surrounded by magnificent scenery, and what a horrible infliction it is to sit all day in a stifling narrow Pullman car, the doors constantly banging, conductor wanting to see your

ticket, newspaper boy bothering your life out to buy his beastly stupid papers. Man with novels first asking two dollars, finding you dont "rise," $1\frac{1}{2}$ as a favour, and finally coming down to one, and having to dine or lunch or snatch something bad from the crowded counter of a villainous station restaurant, price $1\frac{1}{2}$ dollars!! I've gone through all that, and yet here I am fairly well. We had a very pleasant evening with Dr. Herbert, whom we cordially hope to meet again in England ere long.

This morning we breakfasted at 7-30, obtained our bill, only 55 dollars (about £11) for the three of us for three days. One bottle of champagne only, price 12/6, as sweet as treacle!! (undrinkable). Oh! fleece the Britisher when you can, "Punch his 'ed" he is fair game. I paid it. Got the luggage down, secured places in a pair horse landau, and down to the 9-0 boat we drove. Fortunately the day was again favourable, though a trifle foggy on the river at starting, and happily the boat was not over crowded, just a nice number of pleasant well-mannered Americans (all of good families) whom you feel delighted to spit with. Well, I had every atom of our luggage checked to Albany, and I gave myself no further trouble concerning it. I secured nice deck chairs, sat down, took the guide book, and after a few preliminary spits, just to give myself the air of being "one of 'em," I settled myself down to enjoy the scenery. We started punctually. A grand river is the Hudson, and every mile of the scenery was well worth seeing. Finer in some places than in others of course, but good everywhere. Very charming here and there. Many wealthy New Yorkers have villas with fine park-like grounds and terraces sloping down to the river, some of them are of great size and importance. The Catskill range of mountains, and which by the way are well worth a visit alone, look fine as they run parallel for some 30

miles with the river Hudson. The highest of them is about 6,000 feet high, and on the summit there is a large hotel, which I could see distinctly. There are several good towns on the east and west sides of the river, containing as many as 20,000 people each. We stopped at a good many places to take in and disembark passengers. I had a good dinner at 1-0, on the European plan (so they called it) which means about double the price of the American, and then we were once more busy with the scenery. In some places the river is very narrow, there are lots of pretty little islands in it, and we had to go slowly in many spots. About 5-0 we could see Albany with the fine "Capitol," the finest building in America except the Washington Capitol, and from the river the town looked very well. I should say it could look so from no other possible place. We approached a great bridge entirely spanning the river. The steamer whistled, when to my astonishment, the whole of the centre space began to revolve, and in a few minutes was at a right angle with its neighbour. I should say that the space was from 300 to 400 feet fully, and it looked an immense thing as it swung back. We passed through easily, and were soon alongside the wharf. What a filthy, dirty place it looked, crowded with idlers. Busmen shouting, men recommending their hotels, and so on. We looked on with that "calm indifference which conscious greatness can alone impart," and when Dick, Tom, and 'Arry had left, the aristocracy followed. We were soon rattled horribly (such a street !) along to our hotel door, and I at once jumped out and secured rooms. This is a large hotel, the waiters are all coloured men. They are far better, quicker, quieter, and more civil than the other sort. We washed and descended into the dining room, where we found the everlasting *ménu* that every house in America has—whether they have the things or not they put 'em down.

After "supper" as it is called, Mr. Bradley and I strolled out to make enquiries as to the train to Niagara to-morrow. It was very well we took that precaution, as we found our tickets were not available by the line we meditated going by, so we made that all right as we say, and returned to the hotel, entered the bar—of course—had a slight refresher at a moderate price—just half the charge at New York—purchased a box of infamously bad cigarettes and began smoking them. I came up to my bedroom at 8-30 and began entering up my Diary, being hardly able to see. My wife is doing crochet in her—ahem! dressing-gown! and in a few minutes time I shall shall retire to prepare for that horrible twelve hours railway journey on the morrow in that dreadful Pullman!!

TUESDAY MORNING, 9-0. We have just had the worst and the most noisy uncomfortable breakfast I ever remember. We had the misfortune yesterday to pick up a company of Volunteers, who had blue ribbons on their breasts and the mystical letters "P.P." printed on them. I fancied somehow that these great symbols "P.P." were not wholly unknown to me, but when it was explained to me that "Putnam Phalanx" was the meaning any other of course faded from my mind!! Well, there were a good many of them, with wives, sweethearts, and other paraphernalia. On going into the dining room this morning at 8-0, after sleeping in one of the noisiest bedrooms ever devised by man's ingenuity, we found that Putnam Phalanx was in possession. Well, the Phalanx had of course to be fed before any ordinary traveller, and certainly before the Britisher (who might have its leavings), and so we had to wait awhile, but the noise and smell of the room or of the Phalanx, perhaps the two together, were horrid. We took our nearly cold breakfast as quickly as we could and retired. Our way

out was past the large toothpick receptacle near the door. Into this I observed all the *ladies!* and gentlemen dipped their fingers, after which I presume they all retired to the tooth-picking saloon (which I could not find) for five minutes conversation and "picking". I would not be out of the fashion so I helped myself to four. One I offered to my wife who ungratefully refused it, and then to Mr. Bradley who accepted it. The other three I put in my mouth all together and walked away with them sticking out thereof. What would be thought of English people if such a filthy habit was introduced?

Now for the Capitol, and we shall be thankful indeed to turn our backs on this place.

11-0 a.m. We have seen part of the Capitol, and it is a fine large building, just like all other public places of that kind. We walked through, and inscribed our names in the visitors' book. We then walked through a street or two, and we had "done" Albany. The streets are disgraceful, large holes, great loose paving-stones, &c. No attempt at trimness or cleanliness. Altogether Albany is a place to be studiously avoided. We entered into conversation last night with a clergyman from Chicago, who handed us his card. He was a superior man, and had been reading a paper at the recent meeting of the British Association. We exchanged cards. Two English lawyers for a Chicago parson was not bad for the parson!! At 12-0 we went to early dinner, and before going in I asked for my bill. It contained an item of 2 dollars and 75 cents for bringing our luggage (not us, for I had paid 75 cents for that) from the boat to the hotel!! Eleven shillings!! awful. I remonstrated strongly, and was coolly told by the cashier. "We have nothing to do with it sir, it is an over-charge certainly, but we have paid it to the Express Baggage

Co." Well I said, that is no excuse. We are your guests, and it is surely your duty to protect us by seeing that a proper charge is made for all luggage brought to your hotel. No answer to that, beyond a shrug of the shoulders, and an intimation that I should have to see the Express Co. That the hotels are in league with these baggage extortionists is quite clear to my mind, and I have no doubt they join at the plunder. I had actually to pay another dollar and a half (6/0) for having our luggage taken down to the train, and another dollar for a landau and pair for ourselves. So that good christian friends, I paid more than 21 shillings for transit of ourselves and luggage to and from this hotel! I was very angry, but it is wholly useless. There is no redress. We got the agent of the Clifton House at Niagara to wire for our rooms and he did so. Off we set to the railway station. Station forsooth, it was simply a crossing-man's cabin on the open street and precisely like getting into the train at Pitt Street, Preston, behind Harding's, where the coal waggons are shunted. I never saw anything more disgraceful. The train came backing down shortly, and we took our seats. Simply two ordinary Pullman cars, for we had to change at Vooreshville 13 miles off, into the West Shore Railway. The train was started by the driver ringing his bell, and for fully a mile we went slowly along the open street with no protection of any kind—children of all ages playing about, all I suppose accustomed to the sight!! Now just fancy a train going through Fishergate or Friargate!! We arrived at the changing station, where we had to wait 40 minutes. We had to carry all our own handbags and rugs from one train to where the other would start from—no inconsiderable distance—nobody attempted to give any assistance, and the waiting-shed was a miserable place. In due time up came came the Pullman train express. Here again

we had to carry everything ourselves and put them into the carriage quite 200 yards off. England would not tolerate this scandal for a moment. We secured places in the drawing-room car, which was the finest I have ever seen, and off we started for Niagara, nearly 400 miles, and it would be nearly 1-0 in the morning ere we reached our destination. The car glided beautifully and smoothly along no matter what the speed was (and occasionally 50 miles an hour was done), and I have hardly felt the least bit the effect of such a long wearisome run. There was nothing particularly interesting in the country and at 6-30 darkness put a stop to seeing anything. At 5-30 I ordered afternoon tea and bread and butter which was nicely served up, and with this we fancied—silly creatures! that we could “put on” until Niagara was reached. It was nearly 1-0 when we arrived. The Clifton House bus was ready for us, and putting our handbags and rugs only into it, we were jolted nearly out of our minds to this hotel which is right opposite the American Fall. We could see nothing of course, but the roar of the cataract was very loud. Not a mouthful of food could we get, so supperless to bed we were compelled to go, and none of our luggage arrived until the following morning (this morning in fact, for I am now writing from Niagara), so discomfort was our lot. Well, we were tired enough and slept pretty soundly. This morning, having had no food for 20 hours, down into the dining-room we descended. At a glance I could see that the place was a third rate one, and we had an indifferent breakfast. The Custom House officer now arrived, and I was ushered into his august presence.

Is this your baggage, sir?

Yes, it is.

Where are you from?

New York and Albany.

What is there inside?

Clothing.

H'm—Are you from England?

We are.

That will do, sir. (He marks the boxes with his initials and the farce ended ! !)

Well now, from this house a noble view of the falls is had. I am writing at 8-o p.m., having seen and done everything. I am therefore in a position to give my candid opinion about them, though I fear my poor language will be utterly powerless and wholly unable to do justice to what it has been my good fortune to see.

Oh ! Niagara. Mightiest of all mighty waterfalls. Every other sight sinks into utter insignificance, yes, I might say oblivion, in comparison of thy glorious sublime grandeur ! ! No description can adequately convey to the mind of anyone (no picture can do more than give an idea) the wondrous mighty and awfully grand sight. The power of that water no tongue can describe. It must be seen. It is the whole experience of your tiny life concentrated into two or three hours. The ocean, the mountains, rivers, valleys, are mere drops of enjoyment compared to such a sight as this. Never can the recollection of it fade from my memory ! !

But I will begin and in detail relate what I have seen. The day was gloriously fine and clear, with a high wind. The spray was consequently dashing high up into the sky. The spray, I said. Can you imagine a hundred locomotives all blowing off steam together? If you can, you may have some faint idea, perhaps, of the spray from the Horse-Shoe Fall. It is indescribably grand and marvellous

We hired a landau and pair for the morning (6 dollars), and drove straight to the rapids (2 miles). You leave your carriage here, at a house which contains the Elevator Car, into which you at once enter. 50 cents each is charged for this. Down you go, an awfully steep descent, and when at the bottom you come out on to a small platform erected at the grandest part of the rapids, and immediately at the spot where poor Captain Webbe was killed. I cannot describe these enormous mountains of water, tearing, foaming and rushing along at a fearful pace. The noise is great, and no human creature could, I should say, live a moment in them. Here the rocks are nearly 300 feet high, the river is very narrow, and a fearful depth, so that some dim idea may be formed of the sight. It is something terrible to see the fighting of these enormous waves as they dash at one another apparently boiling, surging, and rushing down to the great whirlpool below. We could walk alongside these rapids for a long way, on a platform made for that purpose, and we wondered how any man could dream for an instant that he could live in that turbulent torrent. And yet this poor swimmer, Webbe, went straight to his death at this very spot. It was here that he was seen to throw up one of his arms, after which the mighty waters sucked him in, and his dead mutilated body was found seven miles further down the river. We ascended by the Elevator, sorry to lose the sight of these extraordinary rapids, but we had much more to do, so we had to move on. The great whirlpool is of immense size, and the under-current is of marvellous power. Nothing can withstand it. Huge trees are sucked under and disappear in its fathomless waters. The river here turns suddenly round to the right, and the view, looking down, is very fine indeed.

Grand as these rapids and the whirlpool are, I think they are much inferior—if I may use such a word nondisparagingly—to what I have yet to describe, but I have written eleven pages in an hour and ten minutes, and for this evening I must, rather reluctantly, leave off, for being in the middle of my description I should prefer to finish it. It must not be however, and I am now going to sit under the Verandah, and enjoy the sight of the Falls illuminated by the electric light!!

THURSDAY MORNING, 9-50. Another lovely day. It is impossible to describe the wondrous beauty and magnificence of the falls with the sun shining fully upon them. Nothing in the world can equal the sight. It is matchless. We are going to walk out at once, to take advantage of the sunshine, and the wind has abated greatly

1-5 p.m. I was disappointed last night with the appearance of the falls (the American side) as illuminated by the electric light. The fact is that they can not hang the lamps far enough over the fall to thoroughly light it, so the effect is a little less than you expect.

I left off last night at the great whirlpool. From it we turned and crossed the river by the new suspension bridge, a wonderfully slender-looking structure, the speed across being limited to a slow walk. We paid a dollar and a half (6/-) for this luxury. Having crossed, we entered Prospect Park, and we paid again (of course) here. The fee was 50 cents each, another dollar and a half, but for this fee you have the liberty to cross all the numerous bridges, and to visit Bath Island, Goat Island, Lima Island, Cave of the winds, (a terrible place) Terrapin Rock, Three Sister Islands, Horseshoe Falls, and Burning Springs. I must explain here that Goat Island, which is of considerable size, divides the river Niagara,

the water falling one way to the American side, making the American fall, and on the other to the Canadian, making the Horse-shoe fall. The latter is far larger and grander of the two. We first took the elevator car at the top in Prospect Park, and descended in order to view the American fall from the foot of the rocks. The wind was blowing so high, and the spray was dashing so tremendously, that it was quite impossible even to put your head out of the door of the waiting room. The spray was beating with great force against the windows of that room, just like a heavy thunder-storm. I was asked if I would go behind the fall. For some time I hesitated on account of the stormy wind, but I could not leave it undone, so I decided to do it. One gentleman would also go. I think if I had known what I was going through, nothing would have induced me to do it. I went first into a little dressing room, where I took off the whole of my clothing. A pair of thick woollen drawers and a singlet were handed to me, and a pair of sacking slippers, the latter I had to tie firmly over my feet. Then over all, an oil skin sailor's coat with a hood to cover my head was put on, and closely tied under my chin. I was then completely clad, and in company with the other gentleman, we opened the door leading on to the rocks, and went out. How it blew, and Heavens what clouds of spray. In a moment we had the finest shower-bath I have ever had. I tried to look up at the great fall but I was blinded at once by the water, and although I tried many times, each time I had to turn my back, and wring the water from my drenched face. All this was some distance from the fall, but until the guide came we could approach no nearer. He soon joined us, and slowly we climbed up the rocks, which lead to the narrow platform, with a hand-rail on each side, going straight to the fall. At the end of

this we came to a flight of steps. Here it was necessary to turn and descend backwards step by step, holding on firmly with your hands at each side. It was very slippery and greasy. We approached the fall. I was blinded by the torrent of water which seemed to be thrown at me from every side. I gasped for my breath, and would have gone back if I could, but I felt that to do this would indeed have been cowardly. I went on therefore backwards, but very, very slowly, and instead of getting better it grew worse. The roar was terrific and deafening. A tug at my coat by the guide, for I verily believe I was faltering or hesitating a little, perhaps to recover my breath, which was nearly knocked out of me, and in a few moments more we stood beneath the fall. The guide had said to me, before I mounted the platform "Now sir you are going to catch it." Well, it was all over, and under the mighty fall we stood. When I had dashed the water from my poor eyes, I looked up. It is of no use attempting to describe the stupendous sight. I can't do it. It is a combination of everything that is solemn and awful. You can't conceive what effect upon you the terrible roar has. I believe that many people are so much appalled and terrified by it, that they lose their nerve and presence of mind, and so miss seeing to enjoy! what there is. Personally I had none of this feeling. I was quite self-possessed, but I fully realised my position, and that one false step or slip would have entailed instant annihilation. There is no denying that in doing this undertaking, a considerable amount of danger is incurred. The guide says it is only slight, but I am of a different opinion. Nevertheless, so grand is the sight when you are there, that I felt no regret whatever that I had gone through it all. But goodness gracious, we had to go back again, and all this battling had to be done again. Well, it seemed rather easier perhaps, or

having so recently gone through it, possibly you are more prepared for it. All was safely passed, thank heaven, and in a couple of minutes more I stood in the presence of my companions. The sight I presented they will be able to tell anybody who asks them. I felt like a drowned rat, and they said I looked it, my eyes were awfully red and I could hardly open them. I went into the dressing-room, and after a good sound rubbing, I felt none the worse for my perilous adventure. I paid an extra dollar for the use of the suit of clothes and room, and I gave the guide half-a-dollar for his private use. He well deserved it.

It may be that those who read this account will fancy that they have a good idea of what I went through. Let them dismiss that notion from their minds at once. They can't form the remotest idea of it. We took the elevator car to the top, after I had inscribed my name very shakily, in the book kept for that purpose, and only for those who have gone behind the fall, and re-entered our carriage. The Three Sister Islands which we next visited, afford a splendid view of the upper rapids, which I can only compare to a very rough sea at Black-pool! They were very grand, and the river is of great width, so the effect was glorious. We passed on to Terrapin rock, right over the Horse-shoe Fall. The wind blew so strong that I did not consider it safe for my wife to venture there. You have a superb sight from it. The Cave of the winds we did not visit, our time was limited and you have to dress in that oil skin suit again, to avoid being saturated by the spray, so having a dollar and a half more to pay for it, we omitted it from our programme. We drove home to dinner, and reached the hotel about 2-0, having had about $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours wonderful sight-seeing. We had paid a good deal in the way of fees of course, but it does not signify much, as if you come to Niagara

at all, you ought to do it thoroughly. I shall have much more to relate of what we did and saw after dinner, but they are waiting dinner for me, and I am not unwilling to join them.

3-0 p.m. Dinner over, I resume my writing. We entered our carriage soon after 3-0, and first stopped at a house at the commencement of the Horse-shoe fall, from the top of whose tower a very splendid view of the fall is obtainable. A heavy shower came down while we were here, which was fortunate, as we remained till it had passed away. Here we were told that we could go under the fall quite easily without any of the danger that there was on the other side, and that children frequently went. We therefore agreed to go, and were rather dismayed to find that a suit of oilskin was necessary. This however was merely put over our ordinary clothing, and goloshes over our feet. Thus attired, we came out, crossed the street, (such objects we looked) with our guide, and began the descent of a dark narrow staircase leading to the bottom of the fall. Fine views are got from open windows in various places as you go down, but it is a rather tiresome descent. However it was accomplished, and we walked out on the rock, and commenced our walk to the back of the fall. It is not much of an undertaking certainly, but in one place, the ledge is only a few inches wide, with nothing between you and destruction, so great care had to be taken at each step. When you reach the end, there is about 60 or 70 feet between you and the fall passing over you, so that you have a capital view of it, but compared to what I had done in the morning it was really nothing. My wife was thankful she said to get safely back, and she vowed that nothing would induce her to do the same thing again. We went back, took off our dripping oilsuits, paid a dollar each for the use of them and the privilege of going behind the fall, and then we drove to see the burning spring.

This is very curious indeed. It has nothing whatever to do with the falls, beyond the coincidence of being situated on the bank of the rapids on the Canadian side. You go into a room, in the centre of which a large flame (apparently of gas) is shooting up from an iron pipe placed in a cylinder let down through the floor into the spring, and when the cylinder is removed you can see the water bubbling up close by. This is sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which burns with a brilliant flame. The man fully explained it to us, and he placed his finger on the flame, which did not burn him. He gave us a glass each of the water to drink, the smell of which was rather like rotten eggs. I drank the whole of mine. The rapids here are so close to you that you could kneel down and put your hand into the water. They run at this spot at the rate of 40 miles an hour!! By putting a piece of wood in you can form an idea of their incredible speed. One great nuisance of this country is the way in which you are pestered by these people to buy first one thing and then another, to have your photo taken, to have a drive and so on. It spoils a great deal of pleasure. The proper plan is to take no notice of them. We then drove home to the hotel. I have hitherto given no particulars of the size, depth and width of the Niagara falls. It may perhaps be as well shortly to do so. The river flows from Lake Erie into Ontario. It is more than 20 miles from Erie to the falls, and about 13 from the falls to Ontario. Some 16 miles from Lake Erie, the current begins to narrow, and to descend with great velocity. The Rapids begin here. The height of the American fall is 164 feet, and of the Canadian or Horse-shoe 158, so that to the eye there is no apparent difference in either.

Goat Island, which goes to the very brink of the Fall, (and at this spot the river is nearly 4,800 feet wide) as I said

before, divides the water, leaving the American Fall some 1,100 feet wide, and the Horse-Shoe 2,200 feet wide. Below the old Suspension Bridge, the river narrows considerably when the terrible rapids, where Webbe was killed, begin their wonderful course. Regarding the volume of water passing over these stupendous Falls, it has been estimated at one hundred million tons in an hour !!

This morning we devoted to walking, and we first visited the Ferry, from which a really magnificent view of the American Falls is obtained. My companions appeared unwilling to cross the Ferry, and I therefore acquiesced. We walked up again, and crossed the river by the new or Clifton Suspension Bridge, which is a great height above it. For this 25 cents is paid ; we imagined, benighted creatures, that this would admit us into the Prospect Park. This little delusion was soon dissipated by an official who demanded 25 cents each. We declined this little honorarium, but finding further on, that we must pay 25 cents again when we returned by the Bridge, we preferred paying that sum here, as it gave us the privilege of using the Elevator Car, and of crossing the Niagara immediately below the American Fall, by the little Ferry Boat (just what I wanted). First of all, however, I re-visited the scene of my yesterday's undertaking. There was no wind, and we could all easily walk a good long way on the rocks, where yesterday it would have drenched us to the skin to attempt it. We went as close as we dare to the great Fall, the spray was going from us, so that all danger of getting a wetting was absent, and we contemplated the wonders of it for some time. I walked even as far as to where the platform commences, from which spot I could look well down into the terrible chasm below ; but I paid dearly for my whistle, as the wind changing in an instant brought a deluge of spray in

my direction, and if I had not cowered down under my umbrella, I should have not had a dry rag on me in a second. It was soon over, however, and I then descended, and we got into the boat, and were actually on the great river where the water is 260 feet deep and more. The stream carries the boat down, of course, and when in mid-stream I fancied the experienced boatman looked a little anxious, but he soon pushed us through, and we were in smooth water in safety immediately. I am not sure that the finest of all the views is not had when you are crossing the Niagara in the Ferry-boat. We reached the hotel, and I commenced writing my Diary until I was required for dinner, as mentioned before. The sun is shining magnificently as I am writing, and as we are leaving for Toronto early to-morrow, I must see what more can be done to day. I have purchased some very large photographs of some of the best views of these incomparable Falls, taken by the instantaneous process, which are really excellent, and will at any rate give a dim idea of what they are like.

We did nothing but stroll about and purchase some presents for the children, and Mr. Bradley and I had a walk before dinner. All of us went to bed early—before 9-0—as we had our packing to do and to breakfast by 8-0 I sat in the hotel Piazza smoking my last cigar there and contemplating the glorious Falls, the thunder from which was tremendous. If the electric light could only be thrown across from Goat Island to Prospect Park, whereby the entire American Fall could be lighted up, the effect would be something superb.

ROSSIN HOTEL, 4-0 p.m. When we left the Clifton House for the train this morning, my feeling was one of profound regret at leaving these glorious Falls; it was also one of unfeigned pleasure at bidding an everlasting farewell to the

most wretched menu of Clifton House and its vile extortionate charges. The only advantage you gain by staying there is the superb view you get of the Falls ; everything else is a disadvantage. I never wish to enter the house again.

A short railway ride of an hour brought us alongside the landing stage on Lake Ontario, but my feeling now is a desire to go on board the Parisian, to see no more of anything, but to allow Niagara to be the last impression upon my mind. However, we have a few more days in which we are to be plundered before starting for England. There is nothing to see between Niagara and Toronto, except a vast sheet of water. We started at 11-0, and by 1-30 we had arrived at the last named place. A jolting through some of the very vilest streets we have yet seen, brought us to this hotel, which from our short experience of dinner, leads me to think that it will claim a place, and a high one, among the bad hotels (their name being legion) we have had to live in since leaving England. I may say, in fact, that three only of them have the smallest pretensions to be called first-rate, and those are the Windsor at Montreal, the Brunswick at Boston, and 5th Avenue in New York, which I certainly put last of the three. I find to my dismay, that we must remain in Toronto until Monday afternoon, as there will be no boat to Montreal until Monday at 2-0 p.m. What we can do here until then I'm sure I hardly know, but it will have to be done somehow. Some former Preston friends are resident here now, and we are going to try and find them out. The weather is still magnificent.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, 3-0. Heavy rain has fallen in the night, and it was raining when we came down this morning. It cleared off soon, and when breakfast was over we went to the Steamboat Office to secure our state rooms for the sail to

Montreal on Monday. This done, I left Mr. Bradley to call on an old acquaintance from Ormskirk settled here, and turned into a place called "Zoo," where I paid 25 cents admission. It was a miserable place, of course that I expected, but the way in which the animals were mixed up was curious. There were a few half starved monkeys that shivered together in a wretched place, four large brown bears, one marked "dangerous," a couple of camels, one parrot, a few squirrels and foxes, a pair of lions, a panther, a dreadful looking tiger, two eagles, four hawks, half-a-dozen good owls, some racoons, a stuffed elephant, and a large stuffed whale! That comprised exerything except a few dogs. Nobody was there but myself, and yet it looked like a permanent exhibition. I returned to the hotel, and really I have done nothing the whole day.

We have had no reply to the letter sent last night to the address of the gentleman with whom we believe our Preston friends are staying, and it will be a pity if we are unable to find them out.

The filth of the Torontostreets after the rain is indescribable. No lady could possibly get to a tram car without being ankle deep in mud and water. No attempt whatever is made to clean them.

6-30 p.m. The weather has been dull and cloudy, but my wife and I have had a stroll along the principal street, and we went to the Episcopal Cathedral, which was closed. From it to the Roman Catholic Cathedral was a stone's throw, and it was open, so we walked in. There was nothing worth noting inside the plain building, so we were speedily in the street again, and walked back to the hotel. The air is rather close and thundery, and it was unpleasant to walk out.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 2-30. The remainder of Saturday was horribly dull. I bought a couple of trashy novels to read, which I soon disposed of, and in the evening I sauntered out in King Street. I turned into an auction room where a man was selling Waltham watches, guaranteeing them all for five years, and pronouncing them the finest watches made !

This morning we walked to the cathedral at 11-0 Such a dirty, unpainted looking place inside, and the dullest service possible. There was no singing except when absolutely necessary, and then it was of course very bad. The organ was a fairly good and large one, the player not objectionable. The clergy of whom there were three officiating were all dismal. The preacher wore a black gown, and was more the kind of man for a good hour's extemporary ranting in a Methodist chapel.

Rain has begun to fall heavily I am sorry to say, and getting out any more to-day is doubtful. We shall be thoroughly pleased to leave this stupid and uninteresting place to-morrow at noon. Why these places are called cathedrals, such as the church we attended this morning, puzzles me. They have no possible pretention to it. I have always fancied that at a Cathedral, there should always be Cathedral service in the widest meaning of that term, not a drawling monotonous, uninteresting, undevotional, stupid thing, unworthy of the name of service, but so it is. I can put up with the black gown from a man who preaches exceptionally well and originally, (like a certain friend who shall be nameless for obvious reasons) but not the style of this morning. Well, thank goodness, by this day fortnight, we hope to be once more in our own house, and it will be a prodigious comfort, let me say, to sit down to a really good English dinner, where everything is clean and tidy, and the food tempting. There is nothing of the kind in

this country, speaking generally. Dishes are nearly cold. Plates nearly always so, all the viands are brought together. Spoons and forks are at a premium, while the portions of each particular dish brought for one person, give me the notion that the Americans have no conception what the ordinary appetite of an Englishman is. Then again, potatoes are an inconceivable abomination. I never dream of asking for them. The cheese-paring principle upon which most of these hotels are conducted is very apparent. The highest prices are charged, while the smallest possible return is made. Almost all the hotels are stuffy to suffocation. Why is this? Because hardly a bedroom has a fire place. None of the Dining-rooms have, and should an unlucky one be found in a Drawing-room, it is carefully closed up. The windows are religiously shut where possible. Add to this, the crowd of people lounging in the halls, all smoking, and literally covering the floor with their filthy disgusting expectorations, and you have the foundation well laid for the unbearable odour and temperature of an American hotel. I shall not soon forget the dreadful state last night of the hall in this hotel, for it made me nearly sick to walk across it, and I made no secret of my disgust and contempt for the people and their vile habit of spitting. In England no conception of the extent of it is possible. It must be seen in its native habitat to be thoroughly appreciated. I am reminded here of London on a Sunday. Such perfect quiet, and hardly a creature within.

MONDAY MORNING, 9-0. It rained so heavily all the afternoon that going out was impossible, so we had to forego calling upon Mr. and Mrs. Ball in Queen's Park, with whom we had hoped to take afternoon tea, and instead of it, time had to be passed in this miserable hotel. It was got through somehow,

and this is a lovely morning for our sail to Montreal. We had a letter this morning from our English friends informing us that they had left Toronto, and were now at Coburg, Ontario. We regret very much therefore that we had not this information a little earlier, as we could have re-arranged our plans and spent the time with them which we have certainly thrown away in Toronto. It is too late now, however, and our only chance of seeing them will be finding them on the wharf at Coburg, when the steamer calls there. Of this I am afraid the chance is exceedingly remote.

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY MORNING, 12-0, OCTOBER 1ST, 1884. What a comfort to find ourselves once more in a first-class hotel, with good food and everything clean ! But to resume the thread of my story ; I had a telephone from Coburg, Ontario, this morning, nearly 70 miles from Toronto, from Miss Wilson, from which I gathered that if we were going by the Montreal boat, they would come down to the landing stage at Coburg, (where the steamer called), and see us. This was gratifying, but as it turned out, I had misunderstood the message, which was, that she and Mrs. Wilson would come on board at Fort Hope, and go on to Coburg with us. This they did, but I shall come to that in due course. We had made the acquaintance at Toronto of Mrs. Wheelwright and Miss Wheelwright, of Baltimore, and the monotony of our visit was much relieved by the pleasantness of our intercourse with them. They too, were going by boat to Montreal. Thankful we all were to leave Rossin House, and go down to the boat at 1-0. I was greatly pleased and surprised to find that no extra charge was made here for our baggage. We paid 25 cents each for our own ride in the bus to the boat and nothing further. This is the first place where it has been our

good fortune to be treated so liberally, and it must be an item on the credit side of Rossin House, where I am bound to say, the charges were reasonable, and the civility and attention both, all that could be desired.

I was much disappointed with the boat which was small, and the state rooms tiny indeed. The first part of our sail through Ontario lake was wholly uninteresting, but the afternoon was very fine. The saloon was unbearable, owing to the heat from the boilers, which were fixed immediately underneath, and the accommodation on deck was the smallest and worst I have seen in the country. At the stern, there was certainly not room for more than 6 or 8 people, and at the bows, there was room for perhaps 50 or 60, but no awning of any kind, and no regulation forbidding smoking, so that the ladies had to endure the smell of the infamously bad cigars and tobacco which these Americans smoke, and also their disgusting spitting all about them. I have to repeat, that this filthy habit is the great drawback to English people travelling in this country, and it is insufferable. Supper time came, and worse food it would really be difficult to find. The quality was very bad and the quantity meagre. Well, we turned in about 10-0, as breakfast we were told was to be at 6-0 next morning. I slept until 4-0, when some ruffian knocked and roused me. I got up and dressed, and found it was only 4-30. A glorious morning it looked, in the early grey dawn the stars were beautifully bright. We wanted to see the sun rise, so on deck we went, although it was rather cold. We reached Kingston about 5-0, and here we stopped, taking in several people. The river St. Lawrence begins now, and ere long the Thousand Isles will be in sight. The sun-rise was a good one, the various colours in the sky being curious and beautiful. Presently we approached the Thousand Islands. These are really some 1,700

in number, and they extend over 40 miles. They are of every possible shape and size, some only a few feet long, with a solitary bush in the middle, others several acres, and even miles in extent, cultivated and inhabited. Some are mere masses of rock. There are many small lighthouses to mark the channel in the river. In some places this is very narrow, and in others the river is many miles wide. Well, all I can say is that the sail through these pretty islands is wonderfully beautiful. The steamer goes quite close to them sometimes, almost close enough to enable you easily to throw anything on the land. The foliage of the trees was changing colour, and some of them were very charming in their various hues. After passing the Thousand Islands, the scenery gets monotonous, but occasionally we came on a pretty stretch, with more islands. Breakfast was the most shameful meal which the cheese-paring cruelty of a River Steamboat Co. could devise. Tea like ditch water, eggs cold, ham nearly cold, as hard and tough as leather, and as salt as brine, and the bread quite sour! Imagination will enable anyone to picture our enjoyment, surrounded by dirty table-cloths, and everything else to match! We were thoroughly disgusted. Dinner was at 12-0, and was very little if any better, and no further meal or food of any kind was offered us during the rest of the voyage, which terminated at Lachine by 6-30, so that really we were literally starved. I made a formal complaint this morning at the Montreal office, but of course no attention will be paid to it, although I was assured it would. This Company has a monopoly of the traffic and it can and will do as it likes. When I take into consideration that I had paid 22 dollars (more than £4) for our two passages, I have a right to complain bitterly of the treatment which we were compelled to submit to. Shooting the rapids was of course the great attraction and excitement of the whole sail.

I must here relate a good story about an accident which happened to a fellow-passenger on this boat. He was taken ill close to me twice, and on the second occasion when he was sick he had the misfortune to lose the whole of his false teeth, in the lake!! Happily for his own comfort, he had another set in his portmanteau, but the scene was a ludicrous one.

We entered the first at 11-0. They were not formidable at all, and I was disappointed considerably. Rapids, let me say, are not what I imagined at all. They are not merely places where the river runs quickly, but they are big angry crested waves, evidently dangerous and rather formidable looking. In the St. Lawrence, the water which creates them appears to come from all quarters at the same moment, and so the disturbed surface is made. We glided easily through this first set, the steamer merely going down on one side a bit. When we approached what are known as the "Long Sault Rapids," I could see the crested waves for a long distance through my glass tossing about very angrily. We stopped our engines some distance before entering them, and passed through them principally without any assistance from the paddles. These are fine rapids, and many miles in extent—8 or 9. We thought it great fun going through them. The water dashed up at us, but we went steadily through them all. A small boat, of course, would be instantly swamped, and even these steamers are knocked about a bit. Nobody can say that the St. Lawrence is not a very noble river. It is indeed. Many miles wide here and there, and running in all directions. The navigation of it must be a matter of great difficulty on that account alone. Of course shooting the Lachine Rapids, about 8 miles from Montreal, is the thing to be looked forward to, but I am sorry to say in this we were doomed to disappointment, as it was found unsafe to attempt it owing to the depth

of water on the bar being so small. At Lachine, therefore, we left the boat and took the train to Montreal. We arrived at the Windsor about eight o'clock, most dreadfully hungry, and we had a good hot supper ready by 8-30, which was a great comfort. And now my tour is ended, as I am on old ground, and have nothing to do until Friday evening, when we go by night boat to Quebec, and we shall go immediately on board the *Parisian*, which sails for England the moment we reach her. She waits for this boat from Montreal. I have thoroughly enjoyed the greatest portion of this little tour, which has occupied us three weeks, and during that time we have travelled about 2,400 miles. We have had some roughing and discomfort to go through, which is inevitable, but we have had the most perfect weather possible, for which we are thankful indeed, as we have not been prevented seeing anything or going anywhere by a single drop of rain. I must now devote a few lines to record that Mrs. Wilson and her daughter came on board at Port Hope, and went on to Coburg with us, so that we had the great pleasure of seeing them again, talking over England and old friends there, and discussing the tour we had been. They are both anxious to return to the old country, and they intend doing so in the spring of 1885. Well, we were really sorry to part with them, and it was very refreshing and pleasing to have had half-an-hour in their company.

The first thing I did this morning after breakfast was to jump into a carriage and drive to the post where I found such a large bundle of letters waiting for us. These were pleasant to behold. There were over ten from our children, who I rejoice to say are all flourishing and well, enjoying Whitewell extremely, and very happy. Next, I secured our state room for the passage on Friday evening to Quebec, and then drove down to Messrs. Allan's office, close to which lay our ship the

Parisian. We went on board, saw our cabins,—ours looks a very luxurious one indeed—and passed into the saloon. I must defer all account of the ship until I have seen her neat and clean, all ready for sea on Saturday. I can certainly say, that we are all quite ready to go on board her, and that we are looking forward to Saturday coming, very anxiously and impatiently. Are we all home-sick I wonder? the reply is “yes we are”

After lunch, Mr. Bradley and I accepted a lift in the carriage ordered by Mr Phillpotts and his friend (these gentlemen are going round the world, a tour that will occupy about two years! Fancy that) and up the mountain we went for the second time. It was a clear day happily, and the view from the top was as before extensive and fine. We walked back to the hotel. Here I encountered Miss Ellen Terry, who was skipping about the promenade, having evidently just arrived. We have been trying to procure tickets for this evening “Much ado about nothing,” but it was impossible. Personally I did not mind, for I have seen Mr. Irving and Miss Terry in it before. We had arranged to dine at 7-0. The greater part of the afternoon I simply loafed about. Dinner was an absolute failure, the fact being that we had selected too late an hour. Everything was nearly cold, and the waiter said he was sorry and all that kind of thing, but he recommended 6-0, which hour we have selected for to-night. We arranged that we would shoot the Lachine rapids in the morning and we accordingly put down our names to be called at 6-30.

Mr. and Mrs. Lightbound, cousins of Mr. Randle Lightbound, Liverpool, called this evening, and we had an invitation to lunch with them the following day at 1-0, which we accepted. They live close to the hotel.

THURSDAY MORNING, 11-55. We rose at 6-30, dressed, and all met at 7-10 in the dining-room for coffee and rolls. We then walked to the railway station, to take the train at 8-5 to Lachine. What a bitterly cold morning it was. I had made up my mind that these rapids would be a delusion. Well, we passed a good many people going to Lachine for the same purpose. Twenty minutes run brought us right alongside the steamer, and we were soon off for the wonderful rapids. A most wonderful take in they are. Simply nothing. I considered those we passed thro' coming from Toronto were much better in every way. It sounds very grand to talk of shooting the Lachine rapids, but going through the old muckpot at the Penwortham bridge, in Preston, in a small boat, would be quite equal in every way. What a cold sail we had back to Montreal, which we reached a few minutes before 10-0. The bus was waiting for the Windsor guests, and in 10 minutes we had reached it.

We sat down to the very worst served breakfast I ever had. When I record that I had to eat my eggs with a table-spoon, (they would have been cold long before the proper ones were brought) you may imagine we had been reduced to extremities.

We have discovered that if you want your meals "comfortable" you must take them at the hotel people's time, not at your own.

3-40 p.m. Just returned from lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Lightbound, with whom we have spent a pleasant couple of hours. The cold is getting more and more perceptible. I can see a great change in the foliage since we left Montreal for our little tour. The tints upon some of them are very beautiful, and in a week or ten days more they will be still prettier.

FRIDAY MORNING, 10-30. I am afraid this looks like a hopelessly wet day, as rain has been steadily falling all morning, and the wind is easterly. As this is our last day in America, we have a good deal in hand, in the shape of final packing, labelling our luggage and things of that kind, and having no sort of engagements or amusements, the condition of the weather is of less importance to us. Still it is a very depressing day. I have little to add on yesterday's account. We had a very indifferent dinner, and I am sure the fact of our friend the English waiter having left while we were on our tour, has been a great loss to us, our present one being slow and stupid. I played my first game of billiards, last night, with Mr. Philpotts (the elder of the two young men who are on their tour round the world), and we had a very bad English table, which the marker designated as the fastest in Canada. It was a very slow one indeed. Many things are tolerated in this country that England would utterly scout. For example, the hall-porter of this hotel goes into the billiard-room in the evening, smokes his pipe, and plays pool with the general company. I have noticed this kind of thing in several places. These chaps wear rings and gold chains, they have a good moustache, and, therefore, I presume they pass muster. There is a great deal of that unpleasantly free and easy style in America. This morning's papers are full of praise for Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Irving; every place was taken, and many of the audience had to stand during the whole of the performance. How very pleasant that would be !

When I next write in my Diary it will be on board the good ship *Parisian* on our way to England, which we hope to reach, if fogs in the Gulf are favourable and the tide on the bar at Liverpool permits, in good time on Sunday the 12th instant. Upon this, however, I am by no means relying, but it will be a

great disappointment to find ourselves obliged to remain in Liverpool for the Sunday night. We have been highly favoured in every way ever since leaving England. May we have a fine pleasant passage back, with all the enjoyments possible on an ocean voyage. The Parisian is considered one of the finest if not the finest ocean steamer afloat, so that nothing will be found lacking on her part. We sail for Quebec this evening at 7-0, our baggage will be checked straight for the Parisian, we shall reach Quebec about 7-0 to-morrow morning unless fogs delay us, and all being well we should start for old England by 9-0.

ON BOARD THE QUEBEC, SATURDAY MORNING, 8-15. I had no intention of again opening my Diary until I was on the Parisian, but it is a very wet morning, and we are three hours late (worse luck for reaching Liverpool on Sunday in good time) so I may as well fill up my spare time by proceeding with my story.

There was no break yesterday in the heavy rain, which continued all day, and I fancy all night. I and Mr. Bradley took a carriage after lunch yesterday and called first at the post office on the chance of finding letters and to leave our directions as to forwarding any to England that might arrive when we had left. We had the good fortune to find a very courteous official who invited us to see the interior arrangements in the P. O. We accepted this invitation and the first thing shown to us was a machine for stamping letters. This is self-feeding, and it is a very ingenious invention. With it one man can stamp 300 letters in a minute, and a servant of the post office was called up to work it for us, and the rapidity with which he used it was surprising. A double stamping machine was also shown to us, and several other improvements.

One was the placing of the various mail bags on a semi-circular iron frame (or rather several frames one inside the other) on which the names of the different places are printed. A clerk standing in front of these puts the letters and parcels into each bag with great rapidity. We were then introduced to the Assistant Post Master, with whom we chatted for some time, telling him that we should certainly carry home several improvements we had seen and endeavour to get them adopted. After purchasing some warm gloves and muffatees in the town for the homeward voyage, we returned to the hotel. It was horribly dull until dinner time, 5-30, which seemed as if it would never come. It did however, and our party, seven in number, sat down. The waiter was aggravatingly slow, and we had to cut some of the dinner. At 6-20 we said good-bye to Mrs. and Miss Wheelwright whom we cordially regretted leaving, and hope we may soon see them in our own house, and after also saying good-bye to Mr. Philpotts and Mr. Tod, the two gentlemen who are on their way round the world, we jumped into the bus and set off for this boat. How it did rain. Well, fortunately there were only a comparatively few people on board. The ship is a very fine one, about 400 feet long, and well appointed. Our state room was really a spacious little place, but the bed was just large enough for one, so that we had some contriving to get reasonably comfortable in it. Early this morning, about 6-0 I think, I was surprised to find we were at anchor, and I discovered that the vile fog had compelled us to stop. We have lost three valuable hours in consequence I am sorry to say, which may make all the difference at the other side.

We had a good hot breakfast at 7-30, and it will be 10-0 ere we reach Quebec. I have had all our luggage sorted by the baggage master, and put together, so that when the tender

comes alongside, it will all be transferred in a moment and we shall have no trouble about it.

STEAMSHIP *PARISIAN*, 12-20. We reached Quebec rather earlier than I expected, about 10-0. Why our boat did not go right alongside the *Parisian* is beyond my comprehension, but a tender (a beast of a thing) came alongside of us, and both passengers and luggage had to be transferred to it. This occupied some little time, and we could not have been more than a few hundred yards from the *Parisian*, so that it did really seem ridiculous. We were soon off the tender and on board our ocean steamer. Then the luggage was hoisted on board all jumbled up together. At seven minutes past eleven the *Parisian* started. She had to turn round in the river, and having done this she fired a salute from her stern guns to announce, I presume, that she was fairly off. The woods on the banks of the river are very beautiful in the changed and changing colours of the trees. Some are brilliant scarlet, others pale golden, while some are still quite green. The effect is most lovely. The rain soon cleared and we had a fine view of the Falls of the Montmorency, which after the heavy rain of yesterday were grandly swollen and looked magnificent. There goes the luncheon bell. I am quite ready, having breakfasted at 7-30.

1-35. Lunch well over. A muster, I should fancy, of nearly all the passengers. We have again excellent seats. The saloon is delightful. There are seven tables. We are next to the Captain's, and although the ship is going about 20 miles an hour, no noise whatever and no movement of any kind was heard or felt. You could well have fancied that it was a fine large dining room. We are now settled in our very comfortable state room, and I have succeeded, after some

trouble, in getting all our small baggage inside it. The way the sailors treat all luggage is dreadful. I was closely watching my wife's long shallow black box in order to prevent it being shoved down into the hold when a ruffian sailor jumped upon it. He jumped off it much more quickly I can tell you, for I collared him instanter. Well, that's the way they treat everything. I saw a large wooden package marked "Glass—with care," a sailor deliberately pitched it right over, and the next passer-by walked over it!! It was a picture, I think, and of course this kind of treatment would be greatly to its benefit! The river is very wide just here—several miles. The sun is now shining brightly and a fine afternoon is before us, with, I hope, a quiet calm evening. Our cabin is immediately opposite the engines, and I am afraid it will be rather noisy at night, but at present there is none of that fearful "screw" which so distinguished the Sarmatian, so I hope we may sleep in peace.

7-0 p.m., I have just enjoyed an excellent dinner. Everything was very hot and good, and quickly served. We are now going on again I am happy to say. For some reason which I have been unable to ascertain, we stopped about 5-30. Either we had got a little wrong in our course, or there was some difficulty in the soundings. I stood close by the sailor who had the lead line, and I heard him report to the Mate, "14 fathoms, Sir." I think, therefore, that there should be no lack of water. We shall reach Rimouski between 10-0 and 11-0, where the mails will be taken on board. The appointments of the Parisian are in every way far superior to the Sarmatian. She is a much bigger ship, more modern, and built on a different plan.

SUNDAY MORNING, 9th. 8-30, Quebec time. Ships time, 9-30. This morning I rose at 6-40, dressed, and went on deck.

It was very fair but very much colder than the previous day. The thermometer had fallen to 40 degrees, which is 10 degrees lower than yesterday, I found the noise from the engines non-conducive to sleep, and I was a good deal disturbed. We ascertained last night that it would be nearly midnight ere the ship reached Rimouski, I therefore turned in soon after 10-0. I don't remember very distinctly calling at Rimouski, but I think I heard the donkey engine going or some noisy brute or other, so I concluded we were there. Our Pilot leaves at Rimouski, and the Captain has the charge of the ship. At Moville probably, another Pilot will come on board and take us to Liverpool. I had a good walk on the hurricane deck before the breakfast bell rang. On the starboard side we were pretty close to the shore, perhaps two miles off. The mountains come down to the edge of the water, and they are densely clothed with fir trees of small size. The foliage has all turned to a glorious golden colour, and the effect is beautiful. No movement whatever could be felt in the saloon this morning. May it be so when we reach the ocean. At present we are still in the river, but I think we shall enter the Gulf to-day. We have two clergymen on board, so I presume service will be held in the saloon. Last night we had the usual abominably bad singing of course, first from a lady, and then from a gentleman. It is curious how very badly amateurs as a rule sing. My Father used to say that none of them were fit to attempt it. I have heard him qualify that sweeping condemnation occasionally, but on the rarest occasions, and he was thoroughly competent to form a correct opinion.

We had an excellent menu this morning, and I did ample justice to it. Many vacancies I saw at table; this must have been laziness only, for the river has been quite calm so far, but then you see, it is Sunday morning, a day on which many people "indulge" somewhat.

12-30 p.m. Service is over some time ago. The star-board side of the upper deck is very crowded, and there is hardly passing room. On that side the sun shines warmly and many are sitting reading, talking, and sketching on their deck chairs. The thermometer has gone up one degree. This is the critical part of our passage, for here it is that delay is caused by fogs. All is bright at present, the wind is in our favour (N.E. by E.) and should we be lucky enough to have two days like this, it is quite possible that we may reach Liverpool on Sunday in good time, or at any rate so that we may go on to Preston that evening, which I am very desirous to do. I am, however, not sanguine about it though I hope for the best. Usually, the *Parisian* gets to Liverpool on Monday morning, but she has arrived by 10-0 on the Sunday morning. The water is now getting rougher. There is rather a large swell on and I daresay when we reach the Atlantic it will be roughish. On the Port side we have been out of sight of land for a long time, but we are hugging the New Brunswick Coast closely, and we shall probably continue to do so. By Monday night we shall be quite out of sight of land, and then nearly a thousand miles of our voyage will have been accomplished.

5-30 p.m. It is very cold now on deck, the sun has disappeared, and the wind is blowing stiffly from the East. The sea is very rough, but we progress steadily through it. At 3-0 p.m. we sighted the Labrador Coast on our port side, and as I am writing in my state room, I can see it plainly some ten or twelve miles distant. The Island of Anticosti we shall probably pass in the night, but I am not certain about it. On board ocean steamers, independently of the various annoyances and inconveniences inseparable from them, you always find some objectionable people. There is the man who smokes on deck before breakfast on a windy day, so that when you want

a whiff of fresh air to take away the stuffy feeling all over you consequent upon having been confined in a small room with no ventilation the whole night, you must needs have bad tobacco forced into your lungs, and very often red hot pieces of tobacco fly into your face and eyes, very refreshing and pleasant. Then you have the silly fellow, who considers it necessary on such a day as this for example, to rush frantically round the deck at the rate of 20 miles an hour, making himself a nuisance to everybody. I take a fiendish delight in doing everything to obstruct him, and I should like to kick him. He is an ass. His appearance is generally this: small in stature, taking very long strides; wears an eyeglass. Has a small incipient moustache, and a yellow sickly face, smiles rather in an imbecile manner when he passes you, indicating the greatest self satisfaction, and usually is very badly dressed, with shoe-ties loose.—(Fact !!)

MONDAY MORNING, 8-50. I have just breakfasted. When I entered the saloon there was just a thin scattering of men, and exactly one lady!

It began to be suspiciously rough at 9-30 last night—symptoms of a gale, and the sea breaking over the lower deck. I went to bed soon after 10-0, and happily I was asleep quickly. It was a horribly rough, stormy night: the waves dashed up against our port-hole with great force, and the screw was out of the water so frequently that the noise was very great indeed. I awoke soon after 4-0, and "things" were bad enough. As soon as I had dressed I went upstairs, but I could only put my head out of the door leading to it. The place was swimming in water, and it would have been unsafe to attempt to walk. Mountains high the sea was, wonderfully grand it looked, and it was a treat to see how splendidly the

Parisian behaved. Clean over her bows came wave after wave, but she went right on, bravely through it all. We are going very slowly, only about four or five miles an hour I am told. The wind is dead ahead, and with this tremendous sea, progress is nearly impossible. If the weather keeps like to-day what shall we have in the shape of sea when we enter the Atlantic? This is the grandest sea I have ever seen yet. I find that up to 12 o'clock yesterday we had come

“ 310 Miles.”

I must, of course, record each day's progress, as I did in the outward trip :—

| | | | Miles. |
|-----------------------------------|--------|-----|--------|
| Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 4 and 5 | ... | ... | 310 |
| Monday, | „ 6th | ... | 252 |
| Tuesday, | „ 7th | ... | 152 |
| Wednesday, | „ 8th | ... | 282 |
| Thursday, | „ 9th | ... | 310 |
| Friday, | „ 10th | ... | 332 |
| Saturday, | „ 11th | ... | 330 |
| Sunday, | „ 12th | ... | 323 |
| Monday, | „ 13th | ... | 303 |

“ Oh ! I love thee not, uncomfortable sea.”

10-0. I have just come into my cabin, having “ enjoyed ” a walk on the hurricane deck for half an hour. The Captain told me we were at half speed only, as the sea was so rough. I found I could walk fairly well. The noise of the wind in the shrouds was very great, and the decks were sopping from the spray which is blowing about everywhere. Nothing can exceed the discomfort on a day such as this; the smell of food, the oil from the engines, the stuffy passages and cabins (ventilation being, of course, suspended), combine to produce a feeling of nausea highly unpleasant. I encountered my

enemy, the lunatic walker, just now. His glasses were "adjusted;" he had his oilskin on, quite ready for his usual performance, but you see he will have no audience, and under those circumstances his constitutional will be deferred. There are three men at this moment actually smoking on deck. Now, I speak as an old smoker, and I say that any enjoyment of it under existing circumstances is an impossibility. Oh! but don't you know, hang it, a fellow must have his pipe after breakfast, by Jove! Must he? Well, I devoutly hope that "fella!" will be fearfully sick, that's all.

We passed the Lighthouse on the east end of Anticosti yesterday evening, and probably now the island has passed out of sight. It is, however, so hazy that seeing anything is out of the question.

1-30. Lunch just over. I find the log has registered 252 miles, so that we have lost more than 60 by this bad weather. We can't make it up, so I may as well abandon all hope of reaching Liverpool on Sunday. No signs now of improvement. Wind dead ahead. Ship going half speed. Sea mountains high. Ladies nearly all ill. Many men absent from meals. My experience has led me in these kind of days to eat the plainest of food, very little fluid of any kind, and keep a supply of dry biscuit ready at hand, if the smallest signs appear of your stomach misbehaving. Also, that a horizontal position is much the safest and best. Keep your feet up and your head down, and be quiet.

TUESDAY MORNING, 9-45. Yesterday afternoon and evening were thoroughly miserable, especially the evening. About 8-30, while going dead slow, the engines were stopped, on the ground no doubt that, being so near the Straits at night, and having been unable to make observations during the day, it

was unsafe to go on. We did not anchor; we simply stopped, and rolled about in the trough of the sea. This was a very nasty sensation, and I had to become horizontal at once in my cabin. Here a luxury was in store for me of which I had no notion. The steam blow pipe was right under my port-hole, and the noise was really dreadful. We moved on slowly at about eleven o'clock, I having then been in bed nearly an hour, and very great the relief was. I am thankful to say I slept well until about four or five this morning, when I could easily tell that the sea was calmer. I rose at about 7-40, and looked through the port-hole. Almost calm the sea was, the morning rather foggy, and we were going half speed only. On our port side we were very close to the Labrador coast, while Newfoundland was just visible on the other side. We are now going through these nasty Straits, and ere long the ocean will be reached. It is very cold on deck, where I have been walking since breakfast. The wind is east, with a slight inclination to north, and still in our teeth, not very much of it, but what there is is cold enough, and the thermometer on deck is at 34 degrees. I was surprised to find so few persons down at breakfast, but so many were so ill yesterday that perhaps they have not recovered yet. Those who did come down looked so pleased at each other, and delighted to find so calm a day after their experience of the previous one. Well, yesterday certainly was horrible in every sense of the word. There is no escape from it. You must go through it somehow. In a heavy gale, on a rainy day, commend me to an ocean steamer as being the most detestable place in the world. A crowded court in Manchester, in November, on a wet day, with a good murder case on, and a Judge not fond of fresh air (there are such), is bad enough, but it is Heaven compared to a steamer under the circumstances I have mentioned, and I have tried

both, mind you. My friend, the blow pipe, has just commenced his matutinal scale practice, so I will leave him the "field" all to himself at once.

11-0. I went on deck after declining the musical treat offered by the steam blow pipe, and I found we were in a fog, the ship going slowly only, and presently fresh music burst on my ear in the shape of the fog-horn, which was worse than the other. However, it was not continuous, happily, and while it lasted, you could put your fingers in your ears. Presently, to my delight, the sun made his appearance, the fog was magically dispersed, the fog-horn silenced, the Captain put the engines to full speed, deck chairs were at once in requisition, notwithstanding the thermometer had fallen to 32 degrees, and the usual crowded promenade, so hateful, commenced. I prefer walking under the Captain's bridge. True it is very cold there, but it is quiet, and no smokers intrude upon you. What would stop a smoker, I wonder, pursuing his favourite avocation in places where he is forbidden to do it? I fear that nothing would. You see it is such a courageous thing to defy orders and to do just what you please. Never mind the annoyance to your neighbours. They have no right to object. They are, of course, unreasonable brutes, and you are a harmless, refined gentleman. Occasionally you spit on ladies' dresses, but then they had no business to come in your way, and if they did, why they must take the consequences. You recognise only the one fact; namely, that you must have your smoke. There ought to be a writing-room in these steamers. I defy anyone to scribble legibly even, sitting on the sofa in his cabin, with his diary on his knee, and the ship rolling and pitching, perhaps upsetting you and your inkstand very nearly. I am afraid the official log to-day will be sadly behind yesterday's. My guess is from 150 to 170 miles only. I hope

I shall be much under the actual number travelled. Engines going slow again. More fog, I am sorry to say. All this, of course, means reaching Liverpool later and later ! !

3-0. We came to Belle Island about one o'clock, and the rolling swell which met us showed that we were approaching the Atlantic. We are now clear of the Straits. The swell is very heavy, the consequence of yesterday's gale. Unpleasant too beyond measure it is, making the ship both roll and pitch. This will, I am afraid, be another disagreeable afternoon and evening. I find the thermometer has risen to 36 degrees.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 9-30. I have little to relate since I left off yesterday, but misery and discomfort. The rain continued, the sea became heavier, and the rolling and pitching of course increased. We only logged the miserable total of 152 miles in the 24 hours, an average of between six and seven miles per hour. Horribly slow, and nobody seemed to enjoy dinner, and many were absent. Personally I enjoy nothing in such horrid weather, but I am obliged to go on eating.

I shall never forget last night, it was truly a penance. The noises were unearthly and unceasing. The screw was out of the water almost every moment, and the vibration shook the ship from stem to stern. Sleep was, I found, this morning a rare luxury all round. I got very little myself. The rolling and pitching appear to have been the chief causes, but with us it was the horrible noise. I was very thankful to get up at 7-30. When I went on deck it was disheartening to find nobody there. Steady rain falling, a fog all round and a heavy swell on. Fresh air was an absolute necessity to me, so I had my staggering walk in all this discomfort ! It refreshed me most decidedly, and when the breakfast bell rang I went down.

It is enough to turn the strongest stomach to be met at the foot of the saloon stairs by a thick smell of food, that you could slice with a knife. They talk of the most perfect ventilation on board this ship, but I have failed to discover it, and it may be, that it is impossible to get rid of this particular smell I mean. Nobody can imagine it. You must get into it and then see how your stomach stands it!! It hangs about this particular part of the ship always, spreading too for some distance down these very dark corridors. I put Eau de Cologne on my handkerchief, stuffed the latter well into my nose and mouth, and so fight my way through it. When the weather is fine it is bad enough, but unbearable at such times as the present.

There were only about a score at breakfast, plainly showing what the night had been doing. We have hardly any wind this morning, and if this continues, the swell will abate; and if the rain would cease, why one could remain on deck and get fresh air. The temperature is much higher to-day. I found the thermometer under the bridge at 42 degrees before breakfast. It is the rain that spoils everything. I had another turn on the deck after breakfast, in order to rid myself of the smell of food, and I had the whole place to myself, I paced about until I was getting very wet, when I returned to my cabin, where I now am, and judging from appearances, likely to remain all the blessed day. I have only one bit of good news to record, and that is, we have entered upon the fifth day of the voyage. Five more and it will assuredly be over, when my thankfulness will be boundless!!

12-40. I have just been into the saloon to see if the official log was posted up. It is, and the result is 282 miles, a great advance on yesterday, still a poor performance for the Parisian, in whom I am rather beginning to be a little disap-

pointed. We have barely accomplished a thousand miles, and it will take all to-morrow to bring us up to one-half the passage, so that unless matters improve, we shall hardly reach Liverpool on Monday.

No change in sea or weather, both as bad as can be.

THURSDAY MORNING, 8-15. Yesterday continued with its bad weather uninterrupted. While we were at dinner a sea struck the saloon with a noise like thunder, but soon after it seemed to abate considerably, for we went much more steadily. I went on deck about 9-0 to get some fresh air, and I found more sail set, which accounted for the steadiness of the ship. Nobody was stirring except the watch, and it was unusually dark. In the drawing-room we had music, singing, and recitations, but the noise made by the people in the saloon interfered with ones hearing considerably. One lady sang very passably, and another played well and accompanied the songs very nicely. I was awfully bored, and so at 10-0 turned in for the night.

I greatly regretted to find when I went on deck this morning at 8-0 that it was a foggy wet day, just the same as yesterday except the wind. Most disappointing it is indeed, for any good that the pure air would do you is effectually knocked on the head, inasmuch as you have no option but to inhale impure and unwholesome air all day and all night. We had bad enough weather on the Sarmatian for the first four or five days, but this voyage has been far worse, and at present I see no prospect of any change for the better, as the day so far looks very bad and thick. We have been unlucky to come in for such a very bad dirty passage.

There goes the breakfast bell.

11-40. Encumbered with my heavy ulster, I have just had one hour's walking on deck. Miserable enough in all conscience, for rain fell all the time more or less, still it was better than yesterday's heavy downpour, and I was beginning to feel the effect of my imprisonment below so seriously that the fresh air was imperatively necessary. I am now driven in again by the rain. The sea is calm—for the ocean, and the temperature of the water is 44 degrees, while that of the air is 46 degrees, so that it is considerably warmer to-day than yesterday. Speculation upstairs is strong and active in the auction now going on for the tickets containing the number of miles traversed during the past 24 hours. For No. 320 a good round sum was paid, 22/- I think. I only hope that some higher number than this may win the pool. We did 282 miles yesterday. We shall certainly exceed that to-day considerably, and my own idea is that 320 is a good number. I am told we shall reach 340 but this I doubt. Nobody knows whether the engines were "slowed" during the night, which will of course make a great difference. We can't be going less than 14 or 15 knots an hour just now. I will record the log as soon as it is posted up.

3-40 p.m. I chanced to be very nearly right in my estimate of the run to-day. It is 310 miles. Now as the sea has gone down and we have a great deal of sail up we certainly ought to have a better record to-morrow, and I shall be disappointed if we don't reach 330 or 340. After lunch it cleared, and the rain ceased. I began walking at once and I have steadily persevered until now, when the rain again drove me down to the cabin. I have my port-hole opened which is a luxury, for our cabin has been closed up since Sunday, I think, continuously, and the air requires changing. With the door kept wide open the little place is speedily sweetened, and I

shall keep the port open as long as possible of course. The general opinion seems to be that we shall reach Liverpool in good time on Monday afternoon. I can form a pretty good notion to-morrow after the log has been made known. It will be very mortifying should we reach Liverpool so late on Monday that we can't go on to Preston that night.

FRIDAY MORNING, 9-45. Yesterday afternoon and evening were sufficiently fine to enable me to walk (with occasional interruptions from rain) for several hours, and I must have done from 12 to 14 miles during the day. This morning is fine, the sea is pretty calm, and the sun is trying to shine. Exercise must be the order of the day. Thank goodness our trials are drawing to a close, and I think for the remainder of the voyage we may at any rate expect freedom from any further gales; but there is no telling. The gentleman in charge of the mails on this ship says he never remembers such a storm in the Gulf before. Now had we been a couple of days earlier out, we should have encountered the full fury of that storm in the ocean, and shouldn't we have caught it? To day's run is affording matter for much comment and speculation, and I expect the auction for tickets will be well attended, and produce some lively bidding. I must go and make a purchase or two for myself. Something about the No. 330 or from that to 335 is my estimate, but I may be quite in error.

12-50. The run is 332 miles, so that I am pretty near the mark. I have had two hours good walking on deck. The sun and the fog have been fighting all the time as to which of them shall banish the other, and I am compelled to record that so far the victory is on the fog's side. We have a glimpse of the sun occasionally, and I hope after lunch he will come out.

Many of the passengers are on the deck this morning, too happy to be released from the penal servitude of sitting below. The great blessing was still to be relieved from the distressing noise of the engines in the night, which must be experienced to be realised, and yet to endure this Messrs. Allan have charged me £6 extra!!

4-30. The fog, I regret to say, had a signal victory, and the sun retired disgusted like myself. I have been pacing away since lunch on the deck. What a monotonous dreary pastime it is. There has been some attempt at amusements to day, Dr. Edmunds, of London, lectured at 2-30, on the hygiene of travelling. He had a very small audience. As I did not agree with the first thing I heard him suggest as a remedy for sea sickness, viz.: "that you should run about the deck," (which he had certainly not adopted in his own case, and I am told he has been sick), I retired, and resumed my stroll on deck. Not a living thing have I seen this day off the ship, not even a solitary gull or a pair of puffins. A sea voyage, under circumstances most favorable, must be horribly monotonous after the first few days. We are to have a charade this evening, I believe, which I hardly think will be sufficiently attractive to induce me to listen to it.

My great desire now is to get to Merville, and thence to Liverpool, as quickly as possible. The latter, I am afraid, will not be reached until late on Monday afternoon, and then the difficulty will no doubt arise about crossing the bar, but probably a tender will come to meet the ship, when all desirous of going in her can do so. We shall be found amongst that number most certainly, for I am horribly tired of being on this ship; our noisy cabin makes night a prolonged misery, and sound quiet sleep is simply impossible. An old Scotchman, who has been among ships all his life, told me this afternoon,

that dry champagne in small doses, repeatedly administered, was the best possible preventive of sea sickness, and the only one that did his wife any good. Heridiculed Dr. Edmund's suggestion of running about the deck, saying it was all nonsense. My own experience is against alcohol in every shape. When I have felt squeamish, I have found a horizontal position the best, keeping perfectly quiet, and munching say a dry biscuit, eating grapes in moderation sufficient to prevent my being sick; and the best proof of this is the fact, that taking these precautions, I have succeeded in keeping myself so well both on the outward and home voyage.

SATURDAY MORNING, 10-0. Who can say over-night what that night will bring forth at sea? This is a horrid commencement of the day. Fog, wind, rain; and a considerably rougher sea.

The charade last night was a very creditable performance indeed. The space at my command prevents my giving any detailed account of it. The word was "Baron." Two acts were devoted to the two syllables, and a third to the whole word. Lord Claude Hamilton was very good in personating a wealthy and retired Chicago Pork Butcher, and his "get up" was excellent. Supper was well performed afterwards, and a collection was made to assist a poor couple in the steerage, who had been robbed in America by entrusting all their money (£7) to a stranger, who deposited *as security* a thousand dollar bill. I believe nearly £5 was raised. I then promenaded the steerage deck, which is covered at the sides, thus affording a very long walk, not free from smells, yet better than nothing, and at 10-45 I turned in. I resolved to sleep on the sofa, to try and be further from the noise and vibration from the engines, and I rejoice to say that I succeeded very nicely, and

slept far better. We shall hardly, I fear, make an equal run to yesterday, as this head wind commenced about 4-0 a.m., and it must affect the vessel's speed. If this dirty fog continues we may be detained outside Moville for many hours, as during weather like this it would be unsafe to enter Lough Foyle. What a pleasant lookout, but I won't anticipate such an unpleasant contingency.

4-20 p.m. The fog fortunately took himself off in good time this morning, and walking was fairly pleasant, though a strong head wind was blowing, and the sea was getting rougher. Up to this moment, however, it has not been seriously higher. We have been able to take an observation to day. The sun made a slight appearance for a very brief period, but the result has not been very reliable, I believe. We expect to reach Moville somewhere about midnight tomorrow, provided the fog keeps away. If so, we have every hope of being able to get to Liverpool time enough for us to catch the last train to Preston. I have done a good deal of walking to day. A lecture was commenced at 2-30 this afternoon, Lord George Hamilton in the chair, on the question of Emigration to Canada. There were to be several speakers. I waited to hear Lord George's opening speech, which was short and to the point, and I left the saloon, when the first man, one of the professors, had spoken for a few minutes, as I felt the movement of the saloon unpleasant, and fresh air desirable. I resumed my walk on the deck therefore.

The run to-day was posted 330 miles. I hardly fancied it would have been so much. We have now accomplished just about 1,968 miles. Now it is 2,660 miles I think from Quebec to Liverpool. This leaves us 692 miles yet to go. Assuming that we keep up an average of 330 daily, which we ought to do, we shall have gone 2,298, or say 2,300 miles by noon on

Sunday, leaving 360 in all still to travel. Then we have to stop at Moville for the mails. This, I am told, will delay us an hour. I should have thought a good deal more, but I will say an hour. 330 more miles from Sunday at noon to Monday at noon, would leave us 30 miles still to run. This would only occupy two hours in the smooth water of the channel. Then you have another hour—call it two to allow for Moville—and it would be about 4-0 on Monday, (everything meanwhile being favorable) when we could get to Liverpool. Well, it may be that time when we get to the bar, and should no tender be ready to meet us, we may be kept waiting for the tide. I am told that the tender will be there, and in this case, we can go aboard it, leaving our heavy luggage to follow, and so we can catch the train to Preston. All this is possible enough.

SUNDAY MORNING, 10-50. The concert last night, at which the trifling sum of 2/- each was charged for a programme, was really fairly good all through. The pianoforte playing of Miss Edmunds was excellent. I should like to hear her in a room on a good instrument. She played with taste, expression, and feeling, and I am sure she is a true artiste. At the end of the second part of the entertainment, a troupe of Nigger minstrels, capitally "got up," came in and they really were very amusing. Mr. Smyths, who was called "Julius," being far the best of the performers. His was a really first-rate attempt. God save the Queen concluded the entertainment, in which we all heartily joined. Supper next came in, and after it I went for a turn on deck, where I found a fine night; the moon and stars shining, and everything pleasant as compared to the stifling air of the saloon, made so by the presence, for three hours, of some 120 people. I retired to my berth at 10-45, but either the

supper or the performance, or the machinery, or all combined, made my dreams of the most unpleasant and disturbing kind.

This morning I found clear, bright, the sun shining, the sea free from breakers but with a heavy roll on, and the Parisian pitched a good deal. The thermometer (which was between 45 and 46 degrees all yesterday) was about 44 degrees this morning at 8-30. Service in the saloon I cannot face so I reluctantly absent myself. Steerage passengers of course are allowed to attend it, the port-holes are all closed, the breakfast smell is still hovering about it, and my stomach objects to a severe trial of this kind. Thank Heaven indeed our voyage is nearly ended, and I am delighted to find a fine Sunday, so that I may inhale fresh air all the day. While writing these lines I have been three times nearly pitched off my sofa by the lurching of the ship. The water comes clean over our port-hole which unhappily we must keep closed, so that we cannot sweeten this stuffy cabin in which I shall spend precious little time to-day.

12-40. The rolling and pitching are very bad to-day. I have been walking steadily on deck since about 11-15, and I am feeling stiff and cold for I have had neither great coat nor gloves, and the wind is coldish. The thermometer has dropped two degrees. The run posted up is 323 miles. I am informed that we shall not see land to-day, but I hope that we may towards evening. Service was over before 12-0, and the "prisoners" forthwith began to take their daily exercise. It is then that the deck is the least agreeable, and I walk about undisturbed under the Captain's bridge.

4-45. It is getting cold. People are endeavouring to fancy they can see land. It may perhaps be seen in four hours time. The wish is father to the thought. I suppose in every ship there are some peculiar persons. We have one gentleman

who has always a chimney pot hat on, a light overcoat, and he carries a very slight umbrella carefully folded in a cover. He turns out in this fashion at all hours, and I have seen him pacing the deck in a gale of wind. How he contrives to keep his hat on, and why he carries the umbrella are mysteries I cannot solve, but he does both. There are signs on the ship that the end of her voyage is approaching, the holds have been opened during the afternoon, and the luggage tumbled all about very disrespectfully. Those who intend to disembark at Moville are getting their traps together. I am sorry to say that Captain Wylie has been confined to his cabin for some days by an attack of lumbago or by some kindred abomination. He is to come on the bridge this evening and he will bring the ship to Moville. There is no fog at all happily, and nothing like a threatening of it, so that I trust we may reach there before midnight. I am still afraid that we cannot get to the bar in the Mersey earlier than about 4-0 to-morrow afternoon. This will be our last dinner on board, and I am sure everybody is truly delighted. Leaving out yesterday and to-day we have had a thoroughly disagreeable, rough, dirty, cold passage, with fog enough to choke everybody, and the comfort of a quiet night's rest at home will be delicious indeed.

MONDAY MORNING, 9-0 I was glad to see the captain on the bridge yesterday evening, who said in reply to my question, that he felt better, though hardly fit yet. We had evening service at 8-0 which a good many attended. I did so myself. Walking the deck about 7-30, I heard the watch cry out "Land on the starboard bow." I strained my eyes considerably ere I discovered a very dim glimmer in the horizon. This was the lighthouse on Tory island. It soon became brilliant. We must have been 20 miles distant at the least. Moville would

be reached in about 4 hours more. We had supper at 9-40, and the saloon was very full. I did not see any advantage, but rather the reverse, in sitting up to see the mails landed and taken in, and the passengers disembarked, so at 10-30 I turned in. The noise of the steam blow-pipe roused me somewhere about midnight, the engines were then quiet, so that I knew we had reached Lough Foyle. Beyond this demoniacal noise I heard no other, and I dropped off to sleep again. I awoke early and fancied I could see land, but the light was bad and I could not be sure. On rising at 7-15, I discerned the land easily, but I did not know what it was. Some part of Ireland probably. When I reached the deck, Scotland, the Isle of Man, and Ireland were each plainly to be seen. As I am writing, we are approaching the Isle of Man. We should reach Liverpool bar by 2-0 certainly, and should the tender come to meet us, there will be every chance of catching the 6-0 train home.

And now my story it ended. I will add a line or two more when inside my own house this evening. It is a very pleasant morning, fine and bright, which will greatly facilitate the great nuisance of landing, getting the luggage passed, and reaching the Exchange Station.

12-30. The log just posted gives our run in the 24 hours as 303, and 60 miles from Liverpool.

TUESDAY MORNING, 8, WINCKLEY SQUARE. My diary will be incomplete unless I continue from my last halting place. We dined at 2-0 yesterday, on board. There was a great babel of voices, of course, as we were getting near our destination, and confusion reigned supreme. People dashed about, here, there, and everywhere after their luggage and belongings, and everybody was wrapped up in preparations for landing.

Slight rain fell as we approached Liverpool. We got to the bar at 4-15, and our Pilot took us straight over. The Scythia was cruising about, evidently uncertain what to do, but she speedily followed in our wake. Soon after passing New Brighton, the Parisian stopped, and in a while three tenders came alongside, one for the saloon passengers, one for the steerage, and another for the hold baggage, all cabin baggage being in due time—rather long certainly—transferred to the tender containing the saloon passengers. After tossing about alongside the Parisian for an age, the ropes were at last let go, and we started for the Landing Stage. This we reached at 5-40 exactly. Then came the Custom House examination. This is by no means nominal as some people think. Of course we had to wait until the whole of the baggage had been collected in heaps under the various letters of the alphabet. It was nearly 7-0 before this was done, and many people intending to go south missed their trains. This was provoking enough. When the luggage had been so arranged, the doors were opened, and we were all allowed to rush in. Each man had to find and collect together his own boxes, and to have them all opened ready for the officer. As only one such is told off to each letter, and I think hardly one perhaps, time was again lost. I had all my traps together quickly, and happily met with a very civil officer, who, nevertheless, examined everything I had, quickly enough certainly, but it involved both the un-strapping, un-locking, re-strapping, and re-locking of each box or bag, and I was heartily glad when all was done. The arrangement for leaving these ocean steamers is a very faulty one, involving great loss of time; and so is the Customs arrangement. I am not prepared with any remedy, but that much improvement might be made I am quite certain. I soon had the assistance of a porter or two, a

cab was at hand, and we were not long in reaching Exchange Street Station, where we had to wait until 8-10, a very slow train. We reached our own house at 9-40, very pleased to find ourselves once more in really comfortable quarters, for after all, no matter where you may go, what sight you may see, or how many pleasant acquaintances you may make, there is no place so dear to an Englishman as his home. The only thing lacking was the presence of the whole bevy of children, and they will be here on Thursday.

I retain a very pleasant recollection indeed of my tour, and the only marring incidents have been the two voyages, neither of which could be called a good passage, and the one home thoroughly deserved all the passengers said of it.

Better luck next time !!

T. M. SHUTTLEWORTH,

8, WINCKLEY SQUARE, PRESTON,

OCTOBER 14TH, 1884.

